Bayard Rustin — A Letter to Black Youth

DISSENT

CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

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A JOURNEY TO ISRAEL

J. L. Talmon
THE IMPOTENCE OF VICTORY

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Women—The Terms of Liberation

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The Battle Stalin Lost
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Two Letters by Solzhenitsyn

NOVEMBER–DECEMBER 1970 $1.25

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MICHAEL HARRINGTON is the national chairman of the Socialist party. His comment on the GM workers' strike is reprinted, with thanks, in slightly abbreviated form from the SP paper *New America.*

J. L. TALMON, the eminent professor of modern history at the University of Jerusalem, is the author of *Utopianism and Politics* (1957), *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* (1961), *The Unqiue and the Universal* (1965), *Romanticism and Revolt: Europe, 1815–1848* (1967), and other works.

ALICE ROSSI has been a research sociologist at Cornell, Harvard, Chicago, and Johns Hopkins. She is an associate professor in sociology at Goucher College. Her article "Abortion and Social Change" appeared in our July–August 1969 issue.

T. R. FYVEL, who was literary editor (succeeding George Orwell after the war) of Aneurin Bevan's left-wing weekly *Tribune* and later worked for BBC, has a long-standing acquaintance with leading figures in the British Labour party. He lives in London and writes for various journals on political and cultural themes.

NICOLA CHIAROMONTE, essayist and drama critic, lives in Rome. He was coeditor, with Ignazio Silone, of the monthly *Tempo Presente* and has also contributed to several American journals. His article "On Modern Tyranny: A Critique of Western Intellectuals" appeared in the March–April 1969 DISSENT.

JAMES HITCHCOCK, who has written for a number of journals, is an associate professor of history at St. Louis University.

DAVID BROMWICH is an undergraduate studying at Yale.

GEORGE ECKSTEIN reports, from New York, on the economic, cultural, and social U.S. scene for *Gewerkschaftlich Monatshefte,* the theoretical journal of the German trade unions. His book *U.S.A.: Neue Linke am Ende?* was recently published in Germany.

DEENA ROSENBERG is a student at the University of Chicago.

NORMAN HILL, a leading activist in the civil-rights and the trade-union movements, is associate executive director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute.

LEONARD LEVIN is now alternating between graduate studies in history of ideas at Brandeis and hospital-orderly work under Selective Service.

PAUL KURTZ is a professor of philosophy at the State University of New York at Buffalo and editor of the *Humanist.* Among his recent books is *Sidney Hook and the Contemporary World,* which he edited.

LIONEL ABEL ARTICLE

Mr. Abel informs us that his article "The Two Nihilisms," which appeared in our last issue, was first delivered as the Phi Beta Kappa commencement oration at Columbia University in 1969.

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Michael Harrington

Thoughts on the Auto Workers' Strike

WHEN the negotiations between the auto industry and the United Auto Workers began, the company spokesmen presented themselves as industrial statesmen. It was in the interests of the American economy, they said, to have a noninflationary settlement and they, as responsible citizens, would exercise their corporate power toward that end.

Of course, it just happens that this disinterested logic leads to the conclusion that the workers in Detroit should not demand a big pay increase. The industry, in short, is ready to volunteer sacrifices on the part of its employees. May I propose that those selfless executives and stockholders might also do something for their country?

The figures released by Leonard Woodcock, the UAW president, simply do not support the myth of greedy workers forcing civic-minded corporations into an inflationary spiral. Between 1947 and 1969, Woodcock reported, the auto industry made $82 billion in before-tax profits. If it had contented itself with average rate of return on investment in manufacturing industries, which is 21.3 percent before taxes and 11.9 percent after, there would have been a dividend of $27.4 billion which could have been passed on to the workers and consumers. Split 50–50, it would have lowered the price of every car sold during those years by $120 and raised the hourly wage of every worker by 45 cents.

But the auto industry didn't do that. It pushed for every extra dollar of profit and it behaved like the rest of American business. For between 1960 and 1970, the corporate cash flow (profits plus depreciation) went up by a whopping 85 percent, which was much, much faster than wages. This was one of the two major causes of the current inflation. Vietnam, and in particular a $10 billion miscalculation by President Lyndon Johnson when he assumed the war would be ended quickly, is the other.

Union wage demands in recent years have been primarily defensive. They occurred when the workers discovered that Vietnam and corporate profit-taking were wiping out the gains of a normal labor contract. That forced them to press for decent pay hikes, not in order to get a big, greedy share of the pie, but just to maintain their living standards or improve them a little bit.

The auto workers are sometimes thought of as the well-paid aristocrats of mass production industry. Yet in fact, the average take of an employee in one of the three giant auto corporations in 1969 (and this was assuming no layoffs and even some overtime) was $9,599.

What this adds up to is that society can no longer allow the crucial decisions about dividing up the national product to be made in the boardrooms. For the auto industry's decisions to push its profit rates $27.4 billion above the average over a 22-year period, or steel's recent increases, which sent prices up in one year by more than they had risen in the previous 10, are not "private" matters. They have greater public consequences than most acts of Congress.

The auto industry should stop pretending statesmanship and start sharing some of those profits with the workers. And this country should demand that the price-and-profit policies of the giant corporations be made a matter of public record. That would be a better way for industry to prove its public spirit than its present custom of volunteering sacrifices on the part of its employees.

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DISSENT is a journal devoted to radical ideas and the values of socialism and democracy. It seeks to serve as a forum for writers devoted to these ideas and values, while also welcoming a wide variety of other opinions. Each writer speaks for himself; there is no effort made to exact editorial consensus or uniformity.

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Bayard Rustin

A Word to Black Students

This is Mr. Rustin's adaptation of a commencement address he gave at the Tuskegee Institute on May 31, 1970. He is the executive director of the A. Philip Randolph Institute.

YOUR GENERATION has lived through a period of unprecedented upheaval. Most of you were only five years old when the Supreme Court declared school segregation unconstitutional. You were seven when a young black preacher named Martin Luther King emerged as the leader of the Montgomery bus protest. At eleven you witnessed the beginning of the sit-in movement in Greensboro, North Carolina, and for the next ten years—your adolescent years that were to shape the perspective with which you now look out on the world—you lived through a period in black American history more eventful than any other decade, including the decade of the Civil War. The March on Washington, the outbreak of large-scale violence in hundreds of Negro communities, and the rise of the Black Power movement—these events no doubt had their precedents in the March on Washington movement of 1941, the race riots of 1919 and 1943, and the black nationalist Garvey movement in the 1920s. But in the 1960s they occurred with a driving momentum that made the race problem the central issue in our national politics.

It is difficult to judge precisely what the effect of this experience with uninterrupted social protest has been on your generation (I am referring here to young whites as well as to young blacks). But I would not doubt that it has made the political consciousness of this generation sensitive primarily to what we may call *the upward arc of historical movement.* The problem is that such a consciousness finds it hard to come to grips with the reality that history consists of alternating periods of movement and stagnation, of action and reaction, of tremendous hope and enthusiasm, which can be followed by cynicism and exhaustion. I am not suggesting that this process is inevitable, though to a certain extent it does seem to contain an internal dynamic that operates independently of human will. What I am suggesting is that we must understand this process if we are to be in a position to influence it.

What we must first understand is that the pendulum of history has *already* begun to swing downward. It is impossible now to gauge the extent of this reaction. My own feeling is that the drift to the Right in American politics can be reversed if we do the correct thing. But we cannot escape the conclusion that, for the present at least, the conservatives have made important and ominous gains. They control the White House and, through the power of presidential appointment, have gained a majority on the Supreme Court.

WHAT IS HAPPENING today is not very different from what happened in the 1870s. At that time, the country had been through a period as turbulent as the one we have just experienced. The Civil War and its aftermath left the North with a moral

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Michael Walzer

A Journey to Israel

DURING THE FIRST two weeks of August, along with three friends, professors like myself, I traveled in Israel, talking with people in the government, the new opposition, the army, and the universities. We were there when the cease-fire went into effect, and the "American initiative" was the chief topic of our conversations. We talked of a possible peace, but the notes that follow are notes on a nation at war. I won't try to discuss the diplomatic moves, for anything I wrote would be out of date long before this issue of DISSENT appeared. The content of our conversations was (mostly) as ephemeral as political talk always is, but the impressions left by the people and the country are profound, and they relate mostly to the experience of war—an inescapable experience in Israel and one not broken, even temporarily, by the cease-fire.

The Longing for Peace Despite the years of intermitttant fighting, there is no exaltation of war or of the military virtues in Israel. Judging from the bookstores of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, of which there are an extraordinary number, military history is a little more popular than in the U.S., but no one we met wants more of it. The country is too small, the knowledge of death too intimate: everyone, literally *everyone,* has had a friend, son, husband, brother, or cousin killed in 1967 or the years since. And Israeli culture is not constructed so as to regard these deaths as anything but tragic. I can't think of an analogy less apt than that of Sparta, and the reason is apparent in every snatch of conversation: there are no Spartan mothers in Israel.

But if a resumption of full-scale fighting is their greatest fear, the priorities of Israelis after that are peculiar to them, the product of their 22-year history. My own sense was that these priorities might best be expressed this way: better half a war than half a peace. Better the present lines and the war of attrition than a peace like that of 1957, which draws in the perimeters in exchange for nothing more than a temporary lull. Half a peace inevitably means a weaker Israel, open to continuous threat, semi-permanently insecure. The trauma of May 1967, a decade after the Sinai retreat and the American promises that induced that retreat, has left its mark on Israelis in a way visitors can only begin to understand. The terrible anxieties of that month and even more the sense of international abandonment have generated a pervasive conviction that, short of a "real" peace, Israel's security requires military strength and territorial buffers. Hence Israeli intransigence is likely to be much in evidence by the time these notes appear. What it amounts to is a refusal of false hopes and false promises—not (except for a very few) a commitment to a "greater Israel."

Doves and Hawks The strategic considerations that reinforce these priorities were urged upon us by the most diverse people. Israel is a democratic state, and the range of opinion is wide. We listened to harsh criticisms of the present government. But the dominant fact impressed upon us, coming

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as we did from a bitterly divided America, is the substantial unity of the population. No one, for example, can sit in Jerusalem and urge that Hussein return to the West Bank, if that means that the Fatah with its katuisha rockets would be established in Bethlehem or Ramallah, within easy range of Jerusalem itself. It's easier to do that, and more, in New York, but traveling in Israel one is struck over and over again with how incredibly small the country is (it is a 20-minute drive from Jerusalem to the *present* frontier at the Jordan River) and how narrow its geopolitical margins. So are the distances small between so-called doves and hawks. There are disagreements about posture, about language, about the details of occupation policy, about possible government initiatives. These are important matters; we spent much of our time discussing them. But there is virtually no disagreement about the requirements of a final settlement, nor about the need for military strength until a settlement is reached. So the young "peaceniks" interrupt their agitation to take their turns at the Suez. It would be a great mistake to impute to them the feelings of their American counterparts; indeed, they have no American counterparts. Our situation in the U.S. is very different, less threatening, perhaps, but infinitely more depressing.

The Cease-fire Decision There was nothing surprising about the decision except—for Americans—the way it was presented to the country. So much that we have missed here happened in Israel—from a government that was honest with its people to an opposition that dared to resign. Of course, news of the fighting during those last weeks, when Russian intentions were being tested every day, was heavily censored. But the political situation was sketched with almost brutal candor in speeches defending the cease-fire by Allon (the deputy premier) and Dayan. And if American assurances were taken as gold in public and in private as baser metal, we met no one who was confused by the diplomatic conceit. The cease-fire was a risk; it involved almost certain military losses of such and such a kind; it was worth taking for these reasons and in any case, there was no choice: that is the way the decision was described to the Israeli public. Menachem Begin of the right-wing Gahal party emphasized the risks and the likely losses and talked of a Mideast Munich. Allon's official reply in the Knesset suggests the more precise measure with which the government (and, I think, most Israelis) views the present situation. Israel, he said, is stronger and in a better strategic position than Czechoslovakia in 1938; Nixon's U.S., for all the ravages of Vietnam, is not quite like the Britain of Chamberlain; and the Russians, threatening as they are, are not Nazis.

Nor, however, will the Russians leave Egypt because Americans talk peace (or even impose half a peace on the Israelis). About this too the government officials we spoke to had no illusions. I only hope the Egyptians are as clear-minded. "The Americans think there will be a settlement and the Russians will go away," an official at the Foreign Ministry told us. "We think there are two possibilities. There will be a settlement and the Russians won't go away. Or there won't be a settlement and the Russians won't go away."

Israeli Cold Warriors We spent time, perhaps foolishly, arguing with Israelis about Vietnam. Not that we met anyone who relished the comparison of Marshall Thieu's government with Golda Meir's. The common element for Israelis is the American commitment: if it fails there, won't it fail here as well? There is great uneasiness about American staying power and a consequent stress upon U.S. interests in the Middle East. Israel's immediate problem is to integrate its own survival into some American vision of international strategy. That is not so difficult to do, it seems to me, given a fairly decent American vision, but the business of doing it (and overdoing it) generates fa-

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miliar ideological distortions. So we heard the domino theory re-argued with new names: first Egypt, then Turkey, then Italy will fall to the Communists. . . . And we listened to geopolitical fantasies about Russians in East Africa and the Persian Gulf—none of this at all necessary to underline the seriousness of Sam III's and Soviet pilots in Egypt.

The Cold War has come to Israel—but only, it's worth insisting, at this late date. Israel is not, as South Vietnam is, a cold-war product. The government America has committed itself to is not a government it created for cold-war purposes. Israel was supported in 1948 by the Russians, in 1956 by the French; its dependence on the U.S. is recent and by no means eager. Given the size of the Russian move into Egypt, however, the Israelis have no choices left. So they are rightly impatient with hyper-critical Americans: "Find us another country!" we were told. It's not easy to do, and that suggests the minimal but real core of truth in cold-war ideology.

War and Socialism The prospect is for continued tension, whether open hostilities are resumed or not, and the long-term effects of this upon the country need to be considered. Israeli democracy seems as vigorous as ever. The reestablishment of a parlimentary opposition is one of the major benefits of the "American initiative." Political invective is harsh and shows the pressure of the times: at a conference in Rehovot, we heard Jacob Talmon's "Zionist" credentials questioned because of his criticisms of government policy. But there is no Committee on un-Zionist Activities, and Talmon and many others like him continue to speak out, and do so from what look like perfectly secure academic, political, and journalistic positions.

Israeli socialism is harder to judge. Between war and socialism there has always existed an ambivalent relation, whose precise working out in any particular case is necessarily confusing. It is naive (and probably willfully naive) to pretend, as many American leftists do, that the war's only effects are to distort Israeli society and undermine its achievements. In fact, an embattled nation and a citizen army are breeding grounds for socialist and democratic virtues. Equality, commitment, moral discipline: along with much else we like less, these are the products of war—though not, as our own experience demonstrates, of any war.

Virtually no one in Israel doubts the justice of the struggle, and this "subjective factor" largely accounts for the world of difference between Israel and the U.S. today. But there are "objective factors" as well. First of all, everyone goes into the army at age 18 for three years—men and women alike. Exemptions are granted to students at the more orthodox Yeshivas (I'm not sure they can be called conscientious objectors). Otherwise, service is genuinely universal. Nor does it stop at 21: middle-aged men still spend a month a year on reserve duty; officers spend 40 days. We visited an observation post on the Golan Heights manned entirely by reservists, who looked and sounded very much like the part-time soldiers they were. Economic routines with their inevitable differentiation and conflict are thus interrupted by what has to be an experience in solidarity. I don't mean to romanticize it; the soldiers we met mostly complained about it. The men are thrown together against a common enemy whose threat all of them take entirely seriously and into a battle whose risks they share equally.

Everyone also pays for the war: taxes are astonishingly high, income taxes rising quickly to something like 80 percent, consumer levies tripling the cost of cars and electrical appliances. Income distribution after taxes, we were told, is nearer to equality than in any Western country. The effects of this are plainly visible in everyday life. Social distances seem as short as geographic distances. This can be illustrated most easily in the army and the government, but one

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senses it too on the streets, in restaurants, buses, and so on—less so, however, in the big hotels catering to tourists. The Prime Minister of Israel works in considerably less elegant surroundings than the President of Harvard; the Speaker of the Knesset waits on tables in his kibbutz. These are the old-timers, of course, and there are other tendencies in the society to which I'll refer in a moment. But the structure of the economy makes status differentiation hard and the pressures of war by and large work to maintain a spirit of informal camaraderie.

It can't be doubted, either, that wartime conditions have fostered the integration of Jews from North Africa and Mesopotamia into the general population. We met no Oriental Jews among government officials or university teachers, but they have penetrated the officers' corps of the army and the ranks of technical workers throughout the society. As a group, they still lag behind in all the things statistics measure (income, longevity, education, ownership of consumer goods, etc.), but the gaps are far less than I expected on the basis of a visit in 1957, when the Oriental immigration was still going on in a big way and Israel looked to be getting itself a permanent proletariat. Once again, the key factor in accounting for the rate of integration is almost certainly the national sense of solidarity: the country can't afford the luxury of "racial" division. The large number of Oriental-European couples on the streets of the cities is evidence enough that such divisions as presently exist are not likely to last. Many of these young people must first have met in the army.

But there are also forces born of the war that undermine Israeli socialism. The most important of these is simply private investment, mostly from America, which now plays a major part in economic growth, while tax money is channeled into defense. Foreign investment is such a crucial source of hard currency that there have been a number of sales of state-owned industries to investors from abroad—vigorously protested from both Left and Right, as a threat to socialism and national security. Social investment in schools, hospitals, welfare, and so on, is far less than it should be, again because of the requirements of the military budget. Educational opportunity especially, we were told, has lagged behind the growth of population and the changing needs of the economy. Here is a factor obviously militating against the full integration of immigrants from preindustrial countries.

The immediate sense a visitor gets is of an expanding private sector. Tourism is the biggest dollar earner and is growing at an amazing rate, despite occasional terrorist incidents. Except for some kibbutz hostels, it is privately exploited, with the big hotels catering lavishly to the luxury trade. There is nothing wrong with this, I suppose, though it does increase the number of men and women in what are essentially servile occupations. (Israeli discourtesy is a saving grace!) In any case, Israel has little reason to worry about the sensibilities of American socialists. Moshe Sneh, chairman of one of the two Communist parties, offered a classic Marxist description of the problem: "This is the stage of national defense," he told us. "Building socialism is the task of the next stage." Which sounds like a Jewish joke. . . .

The Two CPs The Communists split in the aftermath of the Six Day War. One of the parties officially supports the Russian line; it operates, so far as we could tell, with complete freedom, with several representatives in the Knesset and a substantial following among Israeli Arabs. It is an openly anti-Zionist party, and while not officially opposed to the existence of (some sort of) Israeli state, the implications of its politics point to something considerably more serious than the overthrow of the government. Its freedom to organize and agitate is a key index to the state of civil liberties in Israel. Sneh's party now espouses a kind of "Dubcek communism" and though ostensibly non-Zionist, it defends the Jewish right to

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statehood (and also the Palestinian right). The pro-Russian party won 30 percent of the Arab vote in the last election and only .03 percent of the Jewish vote. "Our party," Sneh told us, "is truly internationalist: we got 1.5 percent of the Arab vote and 1.5 percent of the Jewish vote." Sneh himself is a charming and highly intelligent man, who might have led the Israeli Left and the whole country, had he not bet on the Russians after 1948. For him, the Russian arrival in the Middle East is 22 years too late.

The Kibbutzim Israel's major social experiment is still the kibbutz, though collective and cooperative agriculture are firmly established. Now it is the capacity of the kibbutz to function as an industrial center that is being tested. On 170 of Israel's 230 kibbutzim, industry brings in more income than agriculture. We did not have time even to begin to study the effects of industrialization on labor-Zionist values. One would think that Western radicals would be eager to do this.

We visited only one kibbutz, a new settlement on the Golan Heights (not a *nahal* or military settlement), where 250 young adults and 40 children were living within range of Syrian guns. Two-thirds of the settlers were themselves kibbutz children, reliving the hardships and dangers of their parents' lives; one-third were new immigrants. The decline in the kibbutz population relative to the number of Israelis as a whole seems to have been arrested and even reversed in recent years. The rise in absolute numbers continues, and there are now some Oriental Jews living on kibbutzim—an important development since socialism had no roots among Jews in the Islamic countries.

The Army About 100,000 Israelis live on kibbutzim, but there is an important sense in which military service, involving many more each year, is a kibbutznik experience. Discipline and training are tough, but the spirit of the army is informal and equalitarian. There is no spit and polish, no saluting, and there are no swaggering officers: all the visible privilege and deference that we associate with armies is missing. That is one reason why the presence of soldiers everywhere, and often of soldiers carrying guns, doesn't give one the sense of living in an armed camp. Equally important, the army is not in any sense an alien force: sexually, politically, ethnically, economically, it is simply a cross-section of the population, everybody's kids. On the West Bank, of course, it doesn't look that way and that is a key reason for the policy the Israelis have adopted in the occupied areas: they don't fly the flag; the soldiers keep out of sight.

The presence of women in the army makes a bigger difference than I expected. I hope no one in Women's Liberation will be offended if I say that it doesn't make the women look more warlike but the army more domestic. Other armies are legions of prowling men; the Israeli army isn't.

We tried to get some feeling for the army as a factor in the country's political life, but came away believing what we were so often told: that as a distinct force, with collective opinions, it hardly exists. Its officers play an important part in occupation policy and their view or views of the strategic situation are obviously taken very seriously. It is also true that they tend to retire (or to be replaced) while quite young and often to enter politics. But they move into different political parties and behave like other politicians—all of whom have been in the army at one time or another. Civilian control of the army seems routine and quite firm. What is more important, there isn't any discernible group of men with anything that remotely resembles a "militarist" perspective. When pressed about defensible boundaries short of the present cease-fire lines, one general brusquely told us, "The army will defend the borders the government negotiates." There seems no reason not to credit him. The present government could certainly order a withdrawal, even a withdrawal like that of 1957, and be obeyed.

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The Occupation We spent quite a bit of time on the West Bank and the Golan Heights, and we talked with both Arabs (mostly members of the old elites) and Israelis involved either in making occupation policy or in criticizing it. I hope to write at length on the occupation; it raises very difficult questions for a political theorist. For now, however, some first impressions.

Perhaps the most important thing to stress is what the Israelis have not done: they have made no effort to lay the foundations of a "greater Israel" or of a binational state. Binationalism (that is, equal citizenship for the West Bank Arabs) is the official policy of the Israeli Right, as it is the official policy, in slightly different form, of the Palestinian Left. In both cases, I don't hesitate to say, the real policy, only barely disguised, is one of Jewish or Arab domination. The government has acted with a very different end in view (despite its refusal to say so). The West Bank has been administered as a foreign country which will one day revert to foreign control. There has been no attack on the social or political structure of Arab villages (while in Israel proper the old chiefs have been replaced by elected councils); no confiscation of lands held by absentee owners; and no permanent settlement of Jews on the West Bank (except in East Jerusalem). Land has been taken temporarily for security purposes along the Jordan, and there are military settlements there, but no kibbutzim like the one we visited on the Golan Heights. Equally important is the fact that the Jordanian civil service (including the police) has continued to run the day-to-day life of the country. Its members now draw pay from both the Jordanian and Israeli authorities and presumably report regularly to their Jordanian superiors. It seems generally accepted that promotions made by the Israelis will be recognized by the Jordanians. The Israelis have not created or tried to create a quisling class of collaborators dependent on themselves alone. The result is not quite a coordinated administration, but a combination of indirect rule and self-government. This is not at all what the Arabs expected: one fairly radical young physician admitted that the first months after June '67 had been a "honeymoon." The terrorists and the tough Israeli response to them have changed that, but not so very much. Occupation policy still requires a minimal Israeli presence and points toward a Jordanian return. That was pretty clearly what the Arab notables we talked to wanted, though they also hoped for greater autonomy for the West Bank than it had enjoyed under the last Jordanian administration.

The Israelis have not encouraged autonomous Palestinian organization on the West Bank, and this is the feature of their policy most frequently criticized by local "doves." I'm not sure how to evaluate this criticism. The authorities have probably acted, as authorities generally do, in the interests of an easy administration. Why encourage the development of possible opposition centers? At the same time, they have avoided undermining Hussein's position—and this doubtless is in response to American urgings. Thus a top Israeli official: "What is the mission of Israel? To maintain the King!" It might well be in Israel's best interests not to maintain the King, but once again, her options are limited.

Economic policy has been more aggressive, achieving at least a partial integration of the Israeli and West Bank economies, though without cutting Arab ties to the East. The goal here seems twofold: to use the West Bank as a bridge to the Arab world, beginning the very slow process of building trade connections; and more immediately, to make it difficult to reestablish a closed and armed frontier west of the Jordan. The standard of living on the West Bank has been raised considerably, largely as a result of income from workers employed in Israel proper and of income from an increasing agricultural production (exported to Jordan, to Israel, and very recently, via Israel to Western Europe. Rates of participation in and employment of the Arab labor force have risen each year since 1967, largely be-

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cause of the Israeli labor shortage, and about 30,000 workers now cross the "old" cease-fire lines each day. Earning power is also up dramatically, since Arab workers in Israel are paid Histadrut wages (so we were told: some contractors apparently cheat, but this seems generally true), and the resulting competition has pushed West Bank wages up too.

Here is another problem for Israeli socialists: the possible creation of an Arab proletariat, gradually replacing Jewish workers at lower paid jobs in construction and industry. The obvious answer is the industrialization of the West Bank, but while there have been some loans for that purpose, Israelis have not, for obvious reasons, invested much money in the occupied territories. Though they have tried hard to improve agricultural techniques, they have not been modernizing invaders. That too follows from their general decision not to transform the existing social structure and (I think) not to stay.

Occupying powers cannot hope to be popular; the Israelis have tried instead to be invisible. In the circumstances, that seems a humane and intelligent choice. It is the obvious goal of the terrorists to force the army and military police into view, to make the Israeli presence felt and brutally felt by the Arab population. My own sense was that they have failed. This is partly due to the harshness and efficiency with which the Israelis have responded to particular terrorist incidents. But however that harshness and efficiency is described (the first is undoubtedly exaggerated by the Arabs and the second by the Israelis), it can't be a sufficient explanation for the apparent inability of the terrorists to establish even a foothold on the West Bank. Economic well-being and the policy of political non-interference must also be important factors. And it may be the case, too, that Fatah ideology is peculiarly oriented toward those Palestinian Arabs who are not living in Palestine and who have or think they have nothing more to lose. At any rate, terrorism is for the moment substantially confined to the border areas and it is not in any sense a major threat to the survival of the Israeli state or to the lives of its inhabitants. With regard to the last of these, things might be different were Hussein to return to preside over but not effectively to govern the West Bank.

The Future The occupation has not been an experiment in living together. It was clear to me that the Arabs don't want that, don't want "binationalism," anymore than the Israelis do. They are (rightly) afraid that they would be overwhelmed by Israeli technology, enterprise, wealth, and power. That is clearly a more realistic fear than the fear of Israeli territorial expansion, and it suggests again the dishonesty of Fatah's official creed. The Arabs need the protection of an independent state as much as the Jews do, though for different reasons. Indirect rule has provided something of that protection: one of the signs of its success is that Arab investment on the West Bank is up steeply this last year. But the occupation is a temporary expedient and most of the Israelis we met hoped it would not last much longer. It won't be ended, however, by a coming together of Arabs and Jews. What the Israelis require is a strong state to their east, which can control its frontiers and alleviate the misery of its people; it doesn't matter to them whether it is called Jordan or Palestine. Only with such a state can they make a "real" peace, that is, a peace which brings physical security to the two peoples living apart in their own lands. A settlement between the two peoples themselves is a long way off—that is the overwhelming impression of my visit. It will be consequence of, not a foundation for, a settlement between states.

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J. L. Talmon

The Impotence of Victory

The Psychology of Arab-Israeli Conflict

THE FANTASTIC VICTORY that came so unexpectedly in June 1967 propelled Israel into a euphoric mood. All at once Zionism became immensely meaningful again. But meaningful in what sense? By Israel having obtained the longed for goal of peace on the basis of a genuine recognition by its neighbors as a natural and integrated component of the area? Or by having conquered all of the promised territory and imposed its presence with superior force upon an unreconciled foe?

The former was the prevailing mood in the early days after the war. People did not think of "reaping the fruits of victory." They wanted to believe that "this time the Arabs have learned their lesson"—that they cannot destroy Israel. "I do not want any Arab territory," I was told in a private conversation two or three days after the victory by the late Prime Minister Levi Eshkol. He was happy that "at last we have something we can bargain with," meaning conquered territory, for peace.

There is likely to be much discussion in the future among historians on whether Israel was to blame for not coming forward on the morrow of its triumph with a bold, imaginative, and magnanimous offer, instead of waiting for the famous telephone call from Cairo (and Amman), or whether the Arabs deserved condemnation for closing all the avenues of a give and take through the Khartum Conference resolution, which reiterated with additional vigor all the vows of never, never.

One is constantly told by Israeli ministers that the government has passed on innumerable messages to the other side, with sufficiently clear hints for its imagination to grasp that a favorable bargain could be got. Much the same is being said by Hussein and to some extent even by Nasser. Unfortunately, what one side considers as the absolute minimum for its security and honor is seen by the other as a pistol held at its head. There is then also the obsessive conviction that diplomacy consists of bazaar haggling, and what is a far-reaching concession from our point of view becomes to the adversary at once a point of departure for asking for more. The Israelis insist on the bitter experience of Arab hostility, the Arabs decry Israeli effective and victorious expansionism. In its paranoiac self-centeredness neither side gives any thought to the fact that if you seriously mean to start negotiations you have first to think what would be acceptable and what would not be acceptable to the other side. As this is not done by either side, both are able to repeat with good conscience that there was no one to talk to on the other side and no one to whom you may give up anything.

In the event, every impediment that had stood in the way of any form of reconciliation before 1967 expanded into an immovable blockage and both sides, each in its

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own way, succumbed to what appears to be an incurable neurosis.

Nasser may not have actually planned the June war. He may have just glided into it, egged on by the recklessness of the newly established pro-Soviet regime in Syria and the success of each consecutive step in undoing the results of the 1956 Suez war. These steps were accompanied by the growing pressure of his Russian and Egyptian collaborators who proclaimed Israel's reaction to Syrian provocations to be preparation for a U.S.–Israeli collusion à la 1956, and then, when the crisis mounted, interpreted Israel's initial hesitations as a paralysis of will, and a corroboration of the exaggerated Soviet reports about the demoralization in Israeli society. Did not Heikal triumphantly proclaim that the Arabs already had Israel in their net? And so, by the end of May 1967, the great day of reckoning seemed to have arrived.

For decades the Arabs had been obsessed by memories of past glories and prophecies of future greatness, mocked at by the injury and the shame of having had an alien and despised race injected into the nerve center of their promised pan-Arab empire, between its Asian and African halves, just at a time when the imperialist powers had started the great retreat from their colonial possessions in Asia and Africa. To ease their feelings of humiliation, the Arabs would attribute all the Zionist successes—Jewish settlement, the victories of 1948 and 1956—to the machinations of Western imperialism. Israel as the agent or spearhead of the Great Powers thus became the peg upon which to hang all the frustrations encountered by the Arab peoples in their anxious and jealous effort to skip centuries of social, economic, and cultural development, and catch up with the well-established and self-assured Western old-timers. The effect had been to make them almost incapable of putting their minds to anything else, or of seeing anything on its own merits and unrelated to the central grievance. Everything had, as it were, to be suspended until that wrong could be redressed.

To make a virtue out of a vice, the Arabs developed the vision of an extreme misfortune turned into the lever of an ultimate fulfillment: in the course of preparing for the joint total confrontation with Israel, the Arabs would create the sinews of their future empire, and the victory over Israel would almost automatically—as in the case of Italy in 1859–61 and of Germany in 1870–71—ensue in a pan-Arab empire, an Arab nation, one and indivisible, which had also incidentally achieved its social revolution by wresting the rich oil fields from the feudal sheiks and turned them into the rightful inheritance of the nation.

It is easy to imagine the shock of the 1967 defeat, which not only destroyed all these calculations and schemes, but also underscored the humiliation by the fact that Israel's victory was this time manifestly single-handed and, unlike the 1956 Suez (or Sinai) campaign, could hardly be attributed to imperialist aid.

The anti-Israel obsession gave rise to a kind of systematic Manichean metaphysic, the focus of a whole philosophy of history. The Jew is seen as devil incarnate from the days of the Patriarch Abraham himself till his assumption of the role of the linchpin of an American-Imperialist-Zionist world plot against the Arab world, the Socialist Commonwealth, and all colonial peoples.

By an unspeakably tragic irony, the Zionism of Jewish exiles marching to the tune of "Oh, if I forget thee, Jerusalem," not only created an Arab Zionism, propelled by a similar sense of exile and dream of a return to that very Jerusalem; it also imparted the mad obsession with a worldwide Jewish conspiracy to the Islamic world, which, however contemptuous of and unfriendly to Jews, had in the past not known that essentially Christian neurotic preoccupation with Jewish deicide and the Protocols of Zion, from the dire results of which the Jews sought refuge in Palestine.

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NOTHING HIGHLIGHTS so much the intractable character of the conflict as the fact that what to the Jews appears a condition *sine qua non* as well as the crowning achievement is to the Arabs something utterly unthinkable—the ultimate humiliation: to sit down and negotiate a peace in a direct give and take. To the Israeli ministers, most of them persons of sound common sense and warm humanity, although in some cases afflicted by a good deal of self-righteous incomprehension of the Arab cause, such an outcome seems logical and natural. But there is more to it. Deep down in the Jewish soul there is, consciously or unconsciously, a tremendous anxiety to do away with what has plagued the Jews' existence for 2,000 years in the diaspora—the lack of simple, unreserved recognition of their right to exist as a right, and not on sufferance. Was not the essence of Zionism the deep longing to be a nation unto the nations in the family of nations? Nothing could therefore be more galling and frustrating than the fact that Israel was the only state in the world to which its neighbors refused the right to exist. Ultimately, all turns upon this point: the presence or absence of a readiness to recognize the state of Israel, which amounts to saying —the will for peace or the will for war. If the former were there and convincingly demonstrated, questions of borders, refugee settlement, guarantees against the guerrilla activities, would be secondary and likely to fall easily into place. If the latter were paramount, then there would be only one categorical imperative, "kill him before he kills you"; strategic borders become then all-important, readmission of refugees is tantamount to the introduction of a Trojan horse, and even the signing of some sort of document on nonbelligerency by the Arab governments only a ruse for gaining a breathing spell for another round, in preparation for which the guerrillas would be encouraged to conduct softening-up operations deep into the neighborhood of Tel-Aviv, indeed, if possible, into its very heart.

THE OTHER DAY I fathomed something of the depths of Arab neurosis. A group of prominent Arab and Jewish intellectuals, who had been meeting together at fairly frequent intervals, were discussing for the n'th time "the problem" in an atmosphere of accentuated mutual courtesy and in the common conviction that History had decreed that we have to live together or we shall perish together, meaning—I hasten to add—by living "together" not a binational state but separate Jewish and Arab states, so as to enable each people to express itself freely as God has created it—a distinct entity—without any wish for, or opportunity of, patronizing the other, and with no reason to fear being swamped by the numbers or the superior competence of the other side. A Hebrew University professor put a direct question to our Arab interlocutors: did any one of them know of a single example in history of victors withdrawing before the vanquished had even begun to sue for peace, let alone vow day in day out that they would never make peace, never recognize the victor's very right to exist, never meet him in order to negotiate face-to-face but would continue to labor with no respite for his destruction and annihilation?

"Surely you also know very well that had your leaders shown the slightest inclination to sit down with us and talk, the Jews would have been falling over each other in a stampede to meet you, and you would have got out of them gains that you could never obtain on the battlefield."

Turning to the soldier among the Arabs who were present—a former high officer in the British and at a later date in two Arab armies, and altogether an attractive and warm person—the Israeli scholar exclaimed, "and you for one after all know that the Arabs are in no position to defeat Israel for a very long time." The man to whom these words were addressed, usually highly articulate and eloquent, sat quite speechless and his countenance showed signs of deep distress. He murmured something

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about honor, glory, history. He had been plainly touched on the raw. There came to my mind a recent article by Heikal, in which in a pathetic *cri de coeur* he exclaimed that once the Arabs had succeeded in inflicting a single defeat upon Israel and in killing 10–15–20,000 Jews, their self-respect would be regained and—he hinted—it might then become possible for them to meet the Jews face-to-face. It seemed like the case of the impotent who has tried and tried so many times in vain and is obsessed with the dream of that breakthrough, after which he will be able to look men and women straight in the eye. The Crusaders are the Arabs' proof that the breakthrough is sure to come. Admittedly, it took 200 years for the Arabs to finish off the Crusaders' kingdom. Well, had it not taken the Jews 2,000 years to come back to the Holy Land?

THERE IS GROUND TO FEAR that a not dissimilar type of impotence is in the process of paralyzing Israel. The Arab predicament stems from resentment and rage, steeped in a sense of failure. The Jewish complex grows from a mixture of fear and distrust, on the one hand, and a feeling of power on the other. There is a deep-seated longing for peace in Israel, and there can be no doubt that were the Jews to discern some opening, a narrow chink in the Arab wall of obduracy, the great majority of them would leap forward to meet the Arabs more than halfway. The grave psychological impediments that continue to pile up may prove, however, strong enough to stultify this urge, or at least to prevent the Israelis from detecting that longed-for "opening," if it should appear, and certainly prevent them from going out in search of it, or taking any initiative in attempting to find such an opening.

That process started as soon as the Arabs closed themselves into a cage with their Khartum resolutions. The spirit of generous euphoria began at once to give way to fear and distrust and to a hardening of arteries in Israel. If the Arabs were absolutely resolved on a war of annihilation, surely—it was said—it would be criminal negligence not to maintain the utmost precautions, not to stick to the present frontiers, which allow us to strike at Cairo or Damascus within seconds almost, while the Egyptian planes cannot reach Tel-Aviv in less than a quarter of an hour. Who can in such circumstances give up the Jordan ditch and allow the Jordanian border to be reestablished at 12–15 kms from Tel-Aviv? People began to recall the lessons of history, how every Arab "no" resulted in greater gains than had been hoped for from an Arab "yes." Time was on our side, no matter what pressures the U.S. may exercise—they cannot be too strong, since we are, after all, the only safe ally of America in this area, its bastion against Soviet encroachment into the Indian Ocean, and we have never asked U.S. soldiers to fight for us. One must not be scared by threats and abuse coming from Moscow, for the Russians will not send an expeditionary force against us. Nor should we be unduly upset by unpleasantness from the U.N. Security Council, which is surely dominated by our enemies and is at the same time impotent. The unrest in the occupied territories was easily manageable and the shellings on the Canal, or the forays of guerrillas, were incapable of even making a dent in Israeli armor. Our pilots shot down Migs like pigeons and our armored units forayed deep into Egyptian territory. All that was needed was strong nerves. The usual argument, which the Israeli hawk would bring out to "demolish" the pleadings of the doves, would be, "Trust the Arabs to help us out in the end."

As time went by, more and more people became receptive to the romantic pseudo-religious mysticism of the various fire-eating and Bible-quoting prophets of manifest destiny, who compare the Zionist endeavor to a revolution that must unfold to its last consequence. And when one speaks of revolution in such a context, one feels absolved

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in advance from blame for resorting to "revolutionary methods." It is written in the Book of History that Israel will be restored to the fullness of its inheritance. That inheritance belongs to all generations past, present, and future. And the present generation, which had been singled out by the Almighty as trustee and executive, had no right to give away what belonged to all the generations. The Arabs owned 14 states, while Israel was to the Jews the poor man's "ewe lamb." The Balfour Declaration and the Mandate had recognized the rights of the Palestinian Arabs as individuals, but not as a sovereign national entity. Sovereignty over the Holy Land was reserved for the Jews alone. Those Palestinian Arabs who, in spite of the Israeli resolve to guarantee them their human and civil rights and to grant them equality, preferred to live in an Arab state, were welcome to emigrate, and should perhaps have been encouraged to do so.

Would not such a policy constitute an insurmountable obstacle to peace with the Arab countries? This objection the new militants would counter by saying that the Arabs would agree to peace or rather give up war only if they became absolutely convinced that they had no hope of breaking the resolve of Israel. Since any sign of weakness only confirmed them in their intransigeance, Israel was bound not to yield an inch. Some extremists have gone even further than this, asserting that peace might not be desirable for Israel at all, and pointing in support of their view to the bracing effect wars have had on the nation, its pride, and its sense of unity.

There is something pathetic, at once touching and repellent, in the desperate quest of the mystical maximalists for ways to meet the awful, supremely ironical, contingency of the Jews of Greater Israel being swamped in no time by the higher birth rate of the Arab minority, in other words in their effort to make good the irreparable catastrophe of Auschwitz. Thus one of the oldest of the new militants exclaims in prophetic ecstasy: "Two million new immigrants in two years!" Where from? He and his like refuse to recognize any fundamental difference between the closely knit and self-sufficient Jewish communities of former Poland and Rumania and those of Western countries, foremost of which is American Jewry.

Somewhat exaggerating the significance of the wave of anxious solidarity which swept world Jewry in May and June 1967, when Israel seemed to face its supreme, and what then appeared as an Auschwitz-like ordeal, they would attribute to an ethnic group in a pluralistic society yearnings for an untrammeled national existence that an older generation of East European Jews went to Palestine to seek. If not from North America, then the millions of recruits will come from the Soviet Union seething with anti-Semitism or from South America, menaced by Castroism and Che Guevarism. Without voicing such sentiments openly, some hawkish mystics are almost on the lookout for anti-Semitism such as the Negro anti-Jewish sentiment. If egged on by fear of persecution, diaspora Jews will emigrate to Israel. Some set their hopes upon a change of heart among the Jewish hippies and members of the New Left. Who knows? Their surplus of idealism, when frustrated, could still be channeled into Chalutzic resolve! A poet of the romantically nationalist persuasion, but doubtful of the possibility of enticing many Jews to immigrate, launched a delirious "appeal to the Gentiles"—Norwegians, Dutchmen, Danes, Mexicans, Frenchmen, and Italians:

> Let us tell them: come and partake of the wonderful adventure of building Eretz Israel. . . . We will share everything with them. We will give them our pretty daughters for their wives and their dark- or light-skinned women will find men here worthy of the name. We will make it easy for them to convert to Judaism, and those who will not wish to convert can live here as a sympathetic minority of Christians and atheists, tied to us in heart and soul, as citizens.

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The arguments about the danger of a Rhodesian situation developing in an Israel divided into two so utterly different societies were brushed aside by the hawks: their opponents were men of small faith in their doubts about the ability of Israel to cope with any problem: and moreover were propagating slanders by insinuating that Israel will not know how to treat fairly and justly the strangers within its gates.

Apocalyptically minded superhawks are to be found on both sides. Those on the Arab side are determined to provoke Israel to expand till it bursts, till it is choked with Arab population, saddled with such insoluble problems and so harassed by guerrillas and sabotage that it is goaded into resorting to savage repression and irrational squandering of strength to the horror of the whole world.

There are some Jewish superhawks on the lunatic fringe who also pray for an apocalypse, which will somehow make the Arabs vanish into thin air through mass flight and leave Israel safe and happy for ever after, behind the Jordan river or, who knows, the Syrian desert, turned into a Chinese wall. The dovish argument about world opinion the hawks would dismiss as pusillanimous and dishonorable. The Jews owed nothing to the world (as if Zionism could ever have taken off the ground without public sympathy). Did the world do anything about Auschwitz or about the situation prevailing in the days preceding the Six Day War?

Any concession on Israel's right of sovereignty over the whole of Palestine was tantamount to an admission that Zionism had always been wrong.

On a less exalted and more mundane plane, the more sober politicians argue quite plausibly that if peace is very distant, then Israel cannot impotently leave things in suspense. You cannot stand still: you either go forward or move backward. Fortified outposts must be established, and they have to be flanked by settlements and supplied with safe and easy lines of communication—the Golan Heights, strategic areas in Sinai, in the mountains on the West Bank, and in the Jordan Valley. Even those who, while insisting on strongpoints, disclaim the wish to annex Arab populations in substantial numbers go on arguing that one cannot leave two economies go their separate and very different ways. The state of uncertainty about their future prevented moderate Arabs from collaborating with the Israeli authorities, while it encouraged the extremists to assist in or condone the acts of the saboteurs and terrorists. From this there is little distance to the conclusion that annexation would redound to the good of the Arabs themselves and even help in resettling the refugees. And should by some miracle the Arabs agree to negotiate at some future date, nothing would prevent us from pulling back from the outposts in exchange for a real peace—say the moderates; what we will have annexed and integrated into Israel will remain ours—is the hope of the hawks. Accomplished facts create laws, theories of international law do not establish facts.

THIS DIVIDED MOOD—between the yearning for peace and profound distrust of the Arabs, consequent disbelief in peace, and the hankering sense of obligation toward the "potential" citizens of Israel in the diaspora—becomes the source of much that is equivocal, inconsistent, and likely to appear hypocritical or even cynical in the eyes of outsiders. Although the official Israeli policy is still direct negotiations with all options open, increasingly more frequent and louder are ministerial statements about this or that point—usually territorial—not being negotiable, until one even hears that it is better to hold Sharm-el-Sheikh, the God-forsaken desert around the exit to the Red Sea, without peace, than to get peace without Sharm-el-Sheikh.

The divisions in the Cabinet are deep and openly voiced. But since the need for a real decision is made to look very distant by Arab intransigeance, the protagonists are only too glad to postpone the hour of deci-

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sion so as not to wreck the National Coalition. The latter imperceptibly turns from a means into an end, and indeed a pretext to take no initiative in the pursuit of peace. And so even moderate spokesmen are compelled to eschew the word "withdrawal," but to speak of "new disposition of forces," and to avoid as much as possible any reference to the U.N. Security Council's resolution.

The mixture of hubris and fear is all-pervading in Israel. One hears people say in the same breath, "we can reach Cairo within hours; we may be destroyed within half an hour if the Arab tanks break through the narrow neck of pre-June 1967 Israel north of Tel-Aviv." This ambivalence may be taken to epitomize the general human condition since the introduction of atomic weapons, but it brings into still sharper relief the baffling ambiguity of the Jewish situation through the ages. The steep and rapid fall from blinding splendor to bottomless misery has been such a constant feature in Jewish history. This makes for obsessive overanxiety and overreaction, and for neurotic determination to make the worst fears come true. One of the most discussed issues in Israel has been, for instance, the question of recognizing the West Bank Arabs as a Palestinian Arab entity, with a view of establishing an autonomous Arab state there. Some see in such a plan a way of frightening Hussein into entering into negotiations, others an end in itself and a first unilateral step toward an overall settlement with the Arab world. Strong reasons for and against such a policy have been adduced on practical grounds. There is indeed much justified doubt whether such a statelet would be viable at all. There is then the argument that it would in fact be either an Israeli protectorate or a springboard for militant Arab irredentism. With El-Fatah staking the claim to speak for the undivided Palestinian nation, opposing any kind of arrangement with Israel, and vowing total destruction of the Jewish State, some Israeli leaders have lately caught fright at the idea of acknowledging even in theory the existence of such a national entity as the West Bank Arabs, lest this offer the enemy an opportunity to proclaim that the whole and undivided Palestine was the patrimony of the indivisible Palestine Arab nation—as if the fanatical terrorist groups were really in need of additional arguments. Some Israeli leaders have become entangled in pernicious and self-defeating theoretical disquisitions intended to show that the Palestine Arabs were not a nation. They are oblivious to both how ill-befitting such theorizing sounds in the mouth of a people that has fought so hard to be recognized as a nation, and to the fact that to deny a group the dignity of a nation is the surest way of establishing it as a militant one. Sterile as such theorizing may be, the wounds it leaves are deep. More immediately, it means shelving any plan of an Israeli initiative in setting up a Palestinian Arab entity as at least a way of taking a tentative step.

THE ISRAELI ATTITUDE to the Four Powers Conference is rooted in this complex of fear, distrust, and sense of power. The Israeli government stubbornly maintains its position that by constituting themselves into a kind of Areopagus the Big Powers are lending implicit approval to the Arab refusal to treat with Israel. They invite, as it were, the Arabs to demonstrate through the intensification of terror and warming up of the frontiers, that they will never negotiate, and that the situation is so explosive that the Powers must curb Israel. This vehement rejection of the Four Powers' intervention by Israel may at least partly be motivated by the understandable wish of the victor to be left alone with the vanquished. It is, however, the Munich trauma that is at the bottom of Israeli intransigeance, or at least the not unjustified fear that the Great Powers may just patch up some hasty and precarious cease-fire, in order to be able to show that they have achieved something, but will in fact leave all the embers burning and, through inattention or weariness, secure

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Soviet Russia a legal standing for perpetrating trouble for both Israel and the U.S. But Israel is strong and determined enough to defy all the Powers—the official policy claims.

If the Arab press seizes upon every hawkish declaration as conclusive proof that Israel does not want peace but desires expansion, the Israeli papers, for their part, select the most blood-curdling proclamations of Arab guerrilla leaders to show that nothing can be done with the Arabs. Both sides leave out the mitigating "ifs" and "buts" of the official spokesmen, or treat the more moderate statements of the other side as a cunning ruse, or just pitfalls and traps.

In brief, with so many good reasons, justifications, and pretexts on both sides for doing nothing to bring peace closer, the idea that force is the sole arbiter is growing into an axiom, partial rights and wrongs having become almost irrelevant. But, as Namier said "the dead festering past cannot be eliminated by violent action any more than an obsession can be cured by beating the patient." If anything has been proved by the 50 years' conflict, it is precisely that it is just not true that the adversary "understands only the language of force." Instead of bringing him to his knees, despair goads him on to more desperate acts of resistance or aggression. When he has nothing to lose, he can risk everything, because he risks nothing. This has been shown again and again by both Jews and Arabs, not to speak of Vietnam, Algeria, and in so many other cases. It would be amusing if it were not so painful to hear Jews expatiating on the special and different mentality of "our" Arabs in the way anti-Semites have not so long ago been philosophizing about the innate and unalterable, usually mean, characteristics of Jews.

Should full-scale hostilities be resumed, there is little doubt that the Israeli troops could seize Damascus, enter Cairo, and conquer Amman in no time. But what next? Could they stay there? And even if they could, what would be the point of it? Is there any certainty that a fourth Jewish victory will at last drive home "the lesson" to the Arabs? Few people in Israel nourish any illusion by now that in a year or two an utterly exhausted or defeated Arab world will under new "peace-loving" regimes come out for peace. Israel may be able to win and win, and go on winning till its last breath, thereby demonstrating the truth of Hegel's aphorism about the "impotence of victory." After every victory we would face more difficult, more complicated problems. For as Nietzsche has put it, there are victories which are more difficult to bear than defeat. This ghastly realization is breeding a quite fatalistic mood: we are doomed to live forever in a state of siege; a conclusion that comes perilously close to a denial of the most cherished dream and deepest *raison d'être* of Zionism—a safe home—and to an admission that we have exchanged a ghetto of pariahs for "a ghetto of victors." This conjures up the vision of a *Götterdämmerung*—a nightmare abhorrent to Jewish tradition.

Should this state of war between Jews and Arabs, which has already lasted 50 years, continue for another 50 years, and who-knows-what-type of weapons will be introduced into the area in the midst of a world changing with kaleidoscopic speed—there will be no victors and no vanquished, only mutual general destruction. Those Arabs capable of thinking lucidly realize fully that Israel cannot be destroyed, and even if that were possible, the Arab countries themselves would be shattered beyond repair before they could succeed in striking a death blow at Israel. Nor could Israel bring a suicidally determined Arab world to its knees, without incurring in the process mortal damage both material and moral, and without having completely eroded all the values which had in the past won it the sympathies of the best of mankind. It would also find that the image of oppressor would be attached to its name in the minds of countless millions in Asia, Africa, and elsewhere.

There is thus only one alternative to the

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nightmare of reciprocal destruction, and it is that of reciprocal recognition. The very claim to the totality of Israel's inheritance does much to justify the claim to the entirety of Palestine. Much as one may inveigh against the Arabs begruding the Jews that little notch, while having themselves so much, the argument sounds specious in a world in which no country, no more than any individual, has divested itself of a part of its territory, its coal or oil, to make good the wants of its close or distant neighbors. Jews have been able to exist and prosper only where reciprocity was obtained. Where an exclusive claim based on superior power or supposedly higher right has prevailed, Jews have always been the first victims.

Of course, any discussion of reciprocity must take into account the fact that while the aim of the Israelis, even the extreme annexationist minority, is security, the Arabs have indicated all too frequently their determination to wipe Israel off the map. No one can blame a people who had experienced Auschwitz, for not treating threats of annihilation as rhetoric or metaphor.

But the preoccupation with security, however natural and justifiable, often becomes a self-defeating obsession. Which state in the world has ever enjoyed absolute security, and particularly now in the age of nuclear, chemical, and biological warfare? The axiom of the eternity of Arab hatred and active hostility is suicidal: if these cannot be stilled, then every new defeat at the hands of Israel will exacerbate them still further, and little reliance should be placed on sophisticated weaponry outbalancing superior numbers of an eternally inferior enemy. The desperate anxiety not to allow Jordanian rule to return to Kalkilya for fear of guerrillas in the neighborhood of Tel-Aviv may—by preventing any settlement—help the most uncompromising extremists in their effort to sweep away all the moderate particularistic forces in the Arab world and to unite it, with the blessing and active help of Maoist China.

There are so many lessons in the history of victorious nations, just out of mortal peril, anxiously and desperately determined to obtain foolproof guarantees against aggression which they feared would be renewed in 10, or 20, or 50 years. Through the search for the best they lost the chance of obtaining the good, and brought upon themselves much sooner than feared calamities much greater than those they wanted to ward off from future generations. One is reminded of the frantic efforts of French statesmen and generals after 1918 to obtain guarantees against German militarism, as well as of the insensate and very soon regretted perorations of British statesmen on squeezing the German lemon till the pips burst. Marshal Foch failed to obtain the "natural frontier" of the river Rhine, and the allies got no reparations in the end. But they helped to conjure up Hitler. Many people, who hurled abuse upon Lord Landsdowne for his famous letter to the *Daily Telegraph* pleading for a negotiated give-and-take peace with Germany in 1917, came afterwards to muse ruefully how much better a place the world, and their own country, would have been, had the advice of the former Foreign Secretary been heeded; in all probability it would have been a world without Mussolini and Hitler and without Stalin.

THE ISRAELI ARMY HAS SHOWN itself so many times more than a match for all the combined Arab forces that one is taken aback by the fears that if this or that is given up or not made secure, Israel is signing its death warrant. Furthermore, should Arab hostility never relent, but continue to mount, and with it its military ability, what frontiers will ultimately be of any avail? And what kind of security could there be for a country with such a large and determinedly hostile minority within its frontiers, in those wide ditches and high mountains—in an age of bitter national strife all over the world and in the age of jets and missiles! So, any measure of real security is in the disposition of the protagonist. In other words, in diminish-

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ing his grievance and urge for revenge. And as to the obligation toward the potential Jewish settlers in Israel, could one really justify the certainty of continued actual warfare, with all the present suffering and unknown disasters in store, for the sake of a hypothetical need for refuge, which might arise if God forbid the world is again plunged into the barbarism of the thirties and forties, a state of affairs that would in all probability spell universal destruction. Had we not clamored for immigrants from Soviet Russia and immigrants from the West before anyone dreamed of wider frontiers?

The quest for therapeutic means to replace force hangs upon the anguished hope that there is on both sides a fundamental disposition in favor of peace, though terribly inhibited and handicapped by neurotic impediments and overstrained susceptibilities. It would follow that nothing should be done that might provoke or hurt these susceptibilities, and that nothing should be left undone that might enable the buried better self to assert itself gently. One clutches at the hope that sufficient and sufficiently influential people in Egypt and in other Arab countries realize the utter futility and dangerous consequences of a renewed war; that they have become aware of the fact that if the present state of war is continued, the dream of restored Arab glory, with the common cause of Palestine as the cement and lever of pan-Arab nationalism, will reach a sad consummation with the appearance of Soviet advisers in every government office and Soviet technicians in every Arab factory, and in every Army unit—difficult though it be to imagine two races and civilizations less congenial to each other than Communist Russia and the Moslem Arabs.

One should perhaps try to remind the Arab intellectuals of historical parallels. In the 16th and 17th century, Spain was bled white, went bankrupt, and sank into torpor and impotence at the end of 80 years of war against Holland. Catholic-monarchic Spain could not bring itself to recognize or to treat, except for cease-fire arrangements, with heretics and rebels and usurpers of parts of its empire, assigned to it, after all, by the Pope himself in 1496. In the end, the proud Spaniards were compelled to sign in 1648 a treaty with a Holland that in the meantime had grown from a handful of desperate rebels and fugitives into a world empire, the first financial power in the world, and the culturally most advanced country in Europe.

What misfortunes has the burning but constantly frustrated desire of the Italians to exercise and to demonstrate martial qualities and win resounding victories brought upon that so wonderfully gifted, sophisticated, and generous nation. The Italians seem to have at last learned their lesson and cured themselves. Both nations, the Arabs and the Israelis, would do well to take to heart these resigned words of wisdom: "Past injustice cannot be made good. The sufferings endured by earlier generations obtain no redress."

THE ARABS cannot get a "just" peace, and the Jews are unable to obtain a "total" and "true" peace. All that can be hoped for at present is the stemming of the tide in the hope of its gradual ebbing away. The hope that the Arabs will come cap-in-hand to sue Israel for peace is no longer cherished even by those who had till not long ago believed —or still believe—that time was working in our favor. Were even a directly negotiated and formally signed Peace Treaty attainable —the Israelis themselves say—the Arab leaders who would put their signature to it would be assassinated the next day, and the Arab ministers would in any case, like the Germans in 1919, sign it only under duress and with mental reservations and hostile resolve in their heart. By refusing to have anything less than that, and thus perpetuating and perhaps intensifying the present tensions to a boiling point, may we not—to say it once more—be helping the guerrilla organizations which, however insignificant their military achievements may be, have

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nevertheless raised a flag, created a myth, have become a focal point for the hopes and the activities of the young and done incalculable harm to the image of Israel in the world?

Any arrangement with the Arab governments at this hour, even one short of a treaty negotiated face-to-face and signed amidst handshakes in the blaze of television lights, would implicitly be based upon the one common interest of all sides concerned, Israel, the Arab governments, the U.S.S.R., and the U.S. in preventing the contingency of a total triumph of the extremists in the Arab world and the incursion of China into the area. But the sands are running out fast. The chance may be lost for that detente and de-escalation, which a common interest not so much in positive peace as in avoidance of further dangerous complications may bring about, in an unacknowledged way, so as to lead to factual cooperation, notwithstanding the continued incantations about the unforgotten wrongs suffered and eternal rights possessed by the Arab people. These would then be more of an emotional release, a safety valve, than a token of unshakable resolve for direct action here and now. It is today highly unpopular in Israel to recall that such a situation had existed between Israel and Egypt for some ten years after Suez, when the Israel-Egypt border was indeed quiet. Admittedly, it did not prevent the 1967 explosion. But where is the proof that this must happen again? And have we not shown a supreme ability to meet such a contingency? Why despair of the genius of the Israeli army in the future?

There are no more pressing, and in the long run more decisive imperatives, than these two—the checking of the growth of the guerrillas, and the resettlement of the refugees through concerted action, internationally supported and financed. Success on these two issues would take the sting out of the terrible imbroglio, and enable both sides to slide slowly into peace, should the hope of first establishing the formal peace as a prelude to these remedies prove vain.

Of course, if Israel is prepared publicly to proclaim its readiness to forego territorial expansion and to go to such lengths to save the susceptibilities and irrational obsessions of the Arabs, it is surely entitled to expect the Arabs to offer similar alleviations to the Israelis' deep-seated fears and passions, like the unity of Jerusalem (with some autonomous status for the Arab community in it); modifications of frontiers—the Golan Heights; the right to hold on to strongpoints such as Sharm-el-Sheikh, if not forever at least for some years as guarantees, till the need for them has become superfluous in the eyes of all; demilitarization of Sinai and the West Bank; a U.N. force under the auspices of the Security Council, and, of course, total freedom of passage through the straits.

If stemming the tide be the aim, should we not take another look at the Four or Two Powers Conference on the Middle East, and instead of savagely looking at it as a conspiracy, perhaps try to utilize it to make it easier for the other side to come forward with a minimum loss of face?

THERE ARE LIBERALS IN ISRAEL who, though aware of the pitfalls of an imposed settlement, endeavor not to lose their sense of proportion. They recall that hardly ever has such an intractable conflict as the Israeli–Arab imbroglio been resolved without the Great Powers in concert, laying down the law. Their intellectual integrity is rather offended—when they think of the treatment of Palestinian Arabs in the past—by the incantations of some Israeli ministers about the right of the parties directly concerned to determine their own affairs, without the tutelage of outside powers—"the Middle East is no one's protectorate." They do not expect the powers to become angels, foregoing their own interests, or eunuchs impotent to defend them, but set their hopes on the mutually contradictory interests of the Powers cancelling each other out into some reasonable compromise.

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THE STATE OF ISRAEL came into being in 1948 through Soviet–American agreements; the Suez crisis was resolved in 1956–57 because the two superpowers wanted it to be. It is said that in the early days of Israel Ben-Gurion would instruct a diplomat going abroad to "do everything possible to please the Americans and nothing to displease the Russians." That balance could not be maintained for long. Soviet support for partition in 1947–48 was an isolated episode. Although it was greeted with jubilation by Zionist left-wingers, to whom consistent Soviet hostility had been a source of deep chagrin, the motive of the Russians, as soon became unmistakably clear, had been no change of heart in regard to Zionism.

It is impossible under any circumstances for Israel to adopt an anti-American attitude or even to defy American wishes for any length of time in a vital matter. The reasons are too obvious to need elaboration. This is well-known to the Russians, and from it they draw extreme conclusions. Russia is surrounded by American bases, and it is very important for her to have allies and friends and bases behind the American bases—in other words, in Syria, Egypt, Iraq. The Russians think in quantities, and thus conclude that even if Israel could be weaned away from America, the strategic value of the large Arab territories, not to mention the oil they contain, makes the Arab world a much more worthwhile ally. The Soviets ask themselves also the simple question: who pays for it? He who pays has the say. Since totalitarian regimes would never allow, in fact could not even conceive, that a group of their own citizens might advocate a foreign policy that differs from or is not dictated by the government, they are bound to conclude that through the intermediary of American Jewry, Israel is of course an American puppet and agent.

There are other considerations behind Russian policy as well. Insofar as it has been stirring up Jewish sentiment among the Russian Jews, making this "indigestible" group still more difficult to digest, Israel is resented by the Soviet government as a nuisance and an irritant. The social achievements of the Israeli labor movement, far from impressing the Bolsheviks, evoke contemptuous hostility: how dare a tiny country like Israel presume to build socialism better than Russia itself! Similarly, the demand to permit emigration from Russia to Israel must appear as an anti-Soviet device, implying as it does a vote of no confidence in the achievements and nature of the regime. In a socialist regime everyone must feel happy or he is a reactionary and counter-revolutionary.

Thus, while not motivated by conventionally anti-Semitic convictions and aims, the Soviet Union is almost objectively, to use its own language, led to adopt policies which, given the murderous hostility of the Arabs and the role of Israel in the postholocaust period of Jewish history, amount to a definite threat to the survival of the Jewish people.

Particularly horrifying is the Soviet–Arab sponsorship of an updated version of the Protocols of Zion: the Zionist-American-Imperialist world plot, operating not only against Arabs, Asians, and Africans, but also against all the socialist regimes, causing economic difficulties, student unrest, Catholic intransigeance. We have traveled a long way from the revolutionary universalism of Marx, which recognized neither Jew nor Greek nor Gentile, but only workers and capitalists.

And yet, there is a glimmer of hope that the specter of China and the inexorable compulsion of modern technology and warfare may still work to bring about a Russo–American agreement to resolve the Arab–Israeli conflict, once the Vietnam imbroglio is out of the way. As a very great power, Russia finds it extremely difficult to do nothing for the Arabs beyond replacing the arms they have lost, and to take Israeli defiance lying down. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the Soviet Union will never risk a nuclear war over the Middle East, any more than the United States will. Thus the specter of China, the difficulties with its

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East European satellites, the grave economic strains at home, and the unpopularity of the Middle Eastern involvement in Russia may after long travail induce her to agree to a face-saving formula for a Middle Eastern settlement.

Understandable as their anxieties are, the Israelis would do well to pause and reflect whether it is in the long-term interest of Israel to be irreversibly tied to America in the way South Vietnam, South Korea, or Western Germany are. It is not only a question of the image of Israel in the eyes of the world, especially the Afro–Asian nations, with whom Israel must live and trade in amity. A Great Power finds it easier to change allies or abandon clients than a small, isolated state to win new protectors,—we need only mention the *volte face* in the attitude of France. The Israelis would be well advised not to bank too much on the "special relationship" between Israel and the U.S. Nothing would be more dangerous for them than to act on the assumption that they have America in their pocket. The Suez war has shown that they did not even have American Jewry in their pocket. The only hope of a peaceful settlement in the Middle East lies in an American–Soviet agreement, and not in the preponderance of Israeli armies backed by the Sixth Fleet.

FOR THE ISRAELI LIBERAL to be able to come out against the rising tide of anxious and militant intransigeance and press his case with any effectiveness, the condition, *sine qua non,* is that there be Arab leaders who wish in their hearts to be more gently or more forcefully cajoled. Without some clear and convincing proof that Egypt is prepared to be coaxed, the Israeli liberals would be powerless Don Quixotes. Worse, they would be decried as fainthearted defeatists, capitulationists, traitors. They would inevitably be reduced to watching fatalistically and impotently the great cruel ironies working themselves out in a seemingly inexorable manner: heroic exertions and astonishing talents of a hard-pressed nation, with a deep yearning for peace and justice, beating in vain against an unattainable goal, and suffering horrible bloodshed in the process; a society that started off with so much socialist idealism and constructive resolve becoming reduced to the position of a beleaguered city, wasting its substance on arms and the best years of the flower of its youth on destruction; a freedom-loving society doomed to engage in the squalid business of spying, policing, suppressing, putting schoolgirls behind bars, blowing up houses for failure to inform; a rational people swept by morbid passions and neurotic obsessions; a nation whose deepest desire has been to escape the fate of being not an end in itself, doomed to be a function of the existence of others, a problem, a liability, an impediment, an undesirable presence, compelled to treat a neighboring people in that very manner; a people of refugees confronted by hundreds of thousands of human beings overtaken by that very fate; a barrel of powder—which all the Powers are most anxious to prevent from exploding—catching fire through some "untoward" Sarajewo accident.

Some console themselves with the hope that there is a Hegelian *List der Vernunft* hidden in all that, and that like the Holland we have mentioned before, the nation would come out greater and better from this ordeal. The 20th-century experiences are bound to have an inhibiting effect on such expectations. Yet one does not dare not to reflect from time to time that most problems are in fact never solved. They are survived, outlived, bypassed, slowly shaken off out of weariness, driven out by more urgent and more pressing ones. "It is," writes R. H. Tawney in one of his purple passages,

> the tragedy of a world where man must walk by sight that the discovery of the reconciling formula is always left to the future generations, in which passion has cooled into curiosity, and the agonies of peoples have become the exercise in the schools. The devil who builds bridges does not span such chasms till much that is precious has vanished down forever.

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Stanley Plastrik

Bosch & Balaguer: Dominican Roulette

The Politics of Rival *Caudillos*

A FIERCE STRUGGLE is being played out in the Dominican Republic, a struggle for power. It may be argued that this is a well-known game in Latin America, as indeed it is. But here the difference is that at least one of the players, Juan Bosch, leader of the PRD (*Partido Revolucionario Dominicano*), formerly one of a group of Latin-American democrats with socialist convictions and now a militant revolutionary, has a considerable basis of support among the urban and rural masses in his country. This alone lifts the Dominican struggle above the usual level of rival *caudillos* jousting for personal power. Furthermore, Bosch and his main antagonist, President Balaguer, are playing for keeps. At the end of the road lies prestige and power or arrest, exile, and, conceivably, assassination. Every night one can hear the rattle of small-arms fire in the poorer *barrios* of Santo Domingo. During the May 1970 elections, at least 45 persons were killed, and the PRD opposition calculates a political death list of close to 1,000 over the past five years. No wonder city streets are deserted once the sun goes down.

Accustomed as they are to living in a harsh and bitter world, Dominicans respond with remarkable sensitivity to each stage in the rise and fall of leaders. For them, the notion that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun is absorbed from childhood on. Right now, their political barometers record stormy weather ahead; hence, they take to the streets during the day, but warily desert them at night.

Hovering over this tiny country (its population is now somewhat over 4 million) is the memory of *El Benefactor,* Rafael Leonidas Trujillo. This evil genius, who ran the country for 31 years until gunned down almost ten years ago, is still very much present in the minds and thoughts of Dominicans. I felt this presence when a taxi driver, a sympathizer of the Bosch movement, took me by car to the spot where Trujillo was killed by a group of men most of whom were not much better than he. It is a lonely place close to the sea, at the eighth kilometer mark on the George Washington Highway, which skirts the coast to the east of Santo Domingo. On one side of the road the sea breaks against the rocks; on the other is a stretch of tropical plantlife. After parking his car, the driver reenacted his version of what had occurred. His pantomime did not entirely correspond to the account given by Robert Crassweller in his superb Trujillo biography,[1] but it reflected perhaps more accurately the terror, fear, and hatred mixed with admiration and awe in which the monster was held by the average Dominican. Playing all the roles, murderers and victim alike, my driver danced through the grisly scenario of what had taken place according to the popular imagination. "Don't kill me, don't kill me! I'll give you millions!" the dictator had screamed. Trujillo's chauffeur, cringing in a corner of the limousine, pleading his innocence; the assassins, screaming curses, the

[1] *Trujillo, The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator,* by Robert D. Crassweller (New York: Macmillan, 1966), pp. 437–39.

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final shots and the rat-a-tat of the automatic weapons. . . .

The inability of Dominican society to come to terms with its Trujillist past is shown at the scene of the assassination itself. On one side of the road, close to the sea, stand the remains of what apparently was intended as a monument to the killers, most of whom were subsequently killed by followers of the dictator. (Only two are still alive, under constant protection.) But whatever section of the monument may have been put in place was promptly vandalized and thrown into the sea. On the other side of the road is the cement floor of what was to have been a small police station built to protect the monument; under orders of President Balaguer, then serving his first term in office, its construction was halted.

It is now five years since the last American intervention. Nothing in this country, least of all the consciousness of its people, can ever be what it was before Lyndon Johnson sent in his troups. For, if Juan Bosch could tell me that in 1965 the Johnson order to invade had come as a complete surprise to him (he was then in exile in Puerto Rico) and that he had actually believed Johnson's claim that the objective of his invasion was to assure the safe removal of North American citizens, this is by no means his understanding today.

. . . a tendency, often silent but very strong nevertheless, which is implicit in the heritage of Hispanic culture. This is the tendency to react more understandingly and tolerantly than the Anglo-Saxon culture to the very firm exercise of political power. During the era of Trujillo many able men of the highest character believed simultaneously both that the regime was in many respects barbarous and that only with a strong hand could the country be governed. And many people, unconsciously ambivalent, could hate or deplore the dictatorship and at the same time regard it with respect and fascination. —Robert D. Crassweller

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TODAY, IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, two men spar with one another, from a distance, carefully and prudently, probing and preparing. They are Joaquin Balaguer, newly reelected President of the Republic who began his second term in August, and Juan Bosch, leader of the PRD. The May elections settled nothing beyond partly clearing the stage for a new phase in the struggle between the two *caudillos*.

Dr. Balaguer, Sorbonne graduate, sophisticated and controlled, is a master at manipulating the machinery of government. Professor Bosch (the title is a gift of the masses in sympathetic recognition of his often didactic way of talking to them) is temperamental, meteoric, and charismatic. One man whispers, can scarcely be heard; the other speaks slowly but clearly, without hesitation. Balaguer, who served Trujillo in a variety of important posts during the 31 years of the dictatorship, is reputed to know intimately every important family on the island, each man's interests, price, and limits. A traditionalist and conservative in his thinking, he is a pragmatist in daily affairs. He has been moved and can be moved; the key question is, to what extent will he permit (or even encourage) changes in the hopelessly outdated social structure of his country, a stratification that for centuries has been so tilted as to drain off the nation's productivity and wealth in the direction of the *oligarquia*.[2] This question is crucial because the Dominican Republic is apparently on the threshold of a significant economic advance that could lead to an important rise in living standards. Balaguer, in discussing the situation, asks whether Bosch will permit the social stability needed for sustained economic development.

Over the past three months, these two men have conducted a fascinating dialogue.

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[2] This word, much bandied about in Dominican political polemics, particularly by Bosch, can refer to anything from a specified group of Mandarin-like families to the whole damn system. We use it here in the sense of those who wield political, economic, and social power.

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Each day, except on Sundays between 1:30 and 2:00 PM, the Dominican national radio plays tape recordings of speeches by Juan Bosch. The subject may range from a popular folktale with political significance, delivered in a rich Creole dialect, to an elaborate theoretical disquisition on the nature of democracy or the oligarchy, delivered in equally rich Spanish. During this half hour, the nation literally comes to a standstill! Taxi drivers switch on their radios, and thousands of people in the streets hold aloft their transistors. A standing joke: is *El Presidente* listening too?

So effective have Bosch's broadcasts been since his return a few months ago that President Balaguer, choosing prime time on the national TV network, has felt obliged to answer his speeches directly. It is as if Nixon were to take to the airwaves in response to the onslaughts of Fulbright.

Two things must be observed about this strange dialogue. First, it is not what they say, but what they leave unsaid or, rather, half said, that counts; second, it is a dialogue of the deaf.

On the first point, as the editor of one of the leading daily papers explained to me,[3] one must closely study the speeches of the two men for hints as to future tactics in their struggle. For example, many observers have been puzzled by the way Bosch seems to have abandoned his proverbial prudence since returning from his second exile. The explanation can perhaps in part be found in a recent speech in which, again discussing his major "new" idea of "dictatorship with popular support," Bosch said that it no longer mattered what happened to him. The movement would continue whatever his own fate might be, since he had clearly laid down the guidelines for the future. By the same token, Balaguer in his speeches will draw a line beyond which, in effect, he urges Bosch not to go, for to do so might lead to the President's yielding to the section of the *oligarquista* that already demands Bosch's third exile and the suppression of his movement. The abstract, often commonplace arguments used by both men, one on behalf of formal and parliamentary democracy, the other rejecting representative forms of elective government, are of little immediate consequence. It is the veiled threats, the hints of violence or extraparliamentary action that count.

Balaguer speaks for state power, the North Americans, the oligarchic families, the military. Bosch speaks for the urban masses, the unemployed (estimated at between 25–40 percent of the employable population!), a section of the poorest and land-hungry *campesinos* and, above all, for the new middle class of university students, professional groups, and small civil servants. Both men are answerable to their constituencies in a restless society that has yet to come to terms with its past. Hence, the relation between the two is charged with danger and high tension. How long the country can avoid an explosion is anyone's guess.

IN MY NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOOD, which is rapidly becoming Dominicanized through an influx of thousands of young Dominican males looking for work, one can see painted in subway stations the slogan, *Viva Durutti!* Apparently, this refers to the anarcho-syndicalist leader of Barcelona in the early days of the Spanish Civil War (1936–39), who was later allegedly slain by the Stalinists while taking part in the defense of Madrid. This revival of a colorful but long-forgotten figure must reflect a rebirth of anarchist, terrorist, and syndicalist tendencies. I think there is a connection here with the phenomenon of Juan Bosch.

There are those who claim that Bosch has long been familiar, through his father, with Spanish anarcho-syndicalist thought; more accurately, the Catalonian school around

[3] In verification of the claim by this editor that the newspapers constitute the freest and most independent institution of the republic, I should note that I read four dailies (two morning, two evening papers) each of which published in full the speeches of Juan Bosch!

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the turn of the century,[4] the classical tradition graphically described in early novels of Victor Serge. This strain of revolutionary thought is, of course, quite familiar in Latin America, although its influence has long been on the wane. In part Juan Bosch is a throwback to such a movement; but only in part.

Juan Bosch is an intellectual autodidact with a passionate belief in the word. He is a literary man who has written short stories and historical and literary criticism, in addition to political works dealing mainly with Trujillo and his own experience as President. He writes with elegance and depth. His prose vibrates with emotion, telling us much about Bosch himself.[5] In his imaginative account of King David, a figure who obviously has great appeal to him, Saul is shown as a primitive Trujillo, suffering from persecution mania while David is Bosch-like, "a contemporary of ours." David is a master tactician who grasps the fact that the political union of the tribes of Israel requires a "single supreme leader." This "kingly" side of Bosch stems from his nationalism—he is very much the Dominican patriot. But if intuitively Bosch is a tribal chieftain, intellectually he is far more sophisticated.

In meeting Juan Bosch—we spent several hours together discussing Dominican problems, in French—one takes away the impression that his effect depends largely upon his verbal impact, on what the French call *présence*. He is a magnetic and charismatic figure, radiating charm and strength—provided, however, he feels one is receptive. A born orator with a resonant voice, he unquestionably feels most comfortable in expounding and enlarging upon his views. He is vain (he was highly pleased to tell me that the since-deposed King of Cambodia, Sihanouk, had received him recently with all the honors due an official head of state). He is unreceptive to contradiction and not at all eager to be pressed too hard. From his writings one could not say he is an original or major political theoretician. He draws freely from a variety of sources and, perhaps unavoidably, the narrow framework of Dominican life tends to simplify much of his thinking. Although he thinks of himself as an international figure, his experience is limited to a country that he himself described as having a "more backward social and economic structure than that of any other Latin-American country."

Bosch's most thoughtful writings deal with the Dominican middle class, a group pivotal in Dominican affairs and politics. Bosch himself is, of course, part of this middle class, which he calculates at 20 percent of the total population; or, more specifically, a part of its professional and intellectual strata. This class consists of merchants, professionals, landowners, public officials, and industrialists, all small-scale and relatively underdeveloped. The upper and middle strata of the middle class tend to be the weakest sector of the society, cracking most rapidly under pressure and being the most faithless to democratic outlooks. The leadership of the September 1963 coup, which overthrew President Bosch and forced him into his second long exile, came from this group.[6]

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[4] Cf. Victor Serge's *Birth of Our Power,* Ramon Sender's *Seven Red Sundays,* or the chapter entitled "Millenarianism II: The Andalusian Anarchists" in E. J. Hobsbawm's *Primitive Rebels:* ". . . the history of anarchism, almost alone among modern social movements, is one of unrelieved failure. . . ."

[5] See, for example, *The Unfinished Experiment* (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1965), an account of his brief presidency; or, *David, The Biography of a King* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1966), originally published in Santo Domingo under the title: *David-Biografia de un Rey.* I am told that his *Judas* (untranslated), a defense of that classic betrayer, is very powerful.

[6] Four major dates of contemporary Dominican history should be held in mind: (1) May 1961—assassination of Trujillo; (2) February 1963—inauguration of President Bosch, PRB in power; (3) September 1963—military coup ousts Bosch; (4) April 1965—popular rising to restore Bosch, followed by the North American intervention and support of the military oligarchy.

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The constant shifting of this middle class takes the form of makeshift alliances with the oligarchy, consisting of the so-called first families of the Republic. But the "first families"—they really are interwoven clans—have a very narrow economic base (one can scarcely speak of a well-laid infrastructure in the Dominican Republic). Hence, the incapacity of the middle class or even a significant strata of it to hold power in its own name and, for instance, its support of Trujillo for over 30 years. Dominican history illustrates the truism that dictatorship in its crudest form flourishes in a society where *all* classes are equally underdeveloped.

The oligarchic caste needed Trujillo, on other occasions it needed the officers, today it needs Balaguer—it reigns, yet does not rule. Further, at the time of Trujillo's death, the "first families" lost out in the struggle over his holdings. He and his immediate family (wife, brothers, children) actually owned the country; e.g., 80 percent of the sugar plantations were their property. Under Trujillo: *l'état, c'est moi.* But today, the state, which made state property out of the Trujillo holdings, has become the country's greatest industrialist and landowner. The "first families" and upper middle class did *not* acquire his holdings and were thus deprived of an opportunity to become a firmly based economic class. Hence, he who controls the state controls the property—a condition of which Bosch is keenly aware. In a curious way, the Dominican Republic resembles one of the backward nations of Eastern Europe; control over the nationalized sector of its feeble economy is the prime target in the game of power.

We observe, then, a social oligarchy incapable of ruling or acting in its own name, hence dependent upon tenuous alliances with one or more sections of the middle class; and, in turn, a middle class profoundly distrusted by three-fourths of the population, thoroughly corrupted under Trujillo, and offering a sterile soil for the flowering of democracy. The majority of anti-Trujilloist middle-class leaders wanted to replace the Benefactor, but not to change the nature of his regime.

But if the oligarchy, the 200 families, has proven inert and passive, the same must be said by and large for Bosch's masses. By the masses, he means the 25 percent unemployed, the farmers and peasants, and the workers. This means 8 out of 10 of the country's population. They are the exploited and the poor, urban and rural. In examining his approach to these people, we begin to discern the character of Bosch as a middle-class political revolutionary. He foresees a new kind of middle-class leadership of the masses, made up of youth (students), the new, progressive and modernizing professionals (lawyers, architects, engineers, plantation owners, business men, etc.). How characteristic that all my meetings with PRD people, including Bosch himself, took place in fashionable and attractively furnished homes of modern, upper-class style, with attractive wives about, and daughters and sons busy at work doing party tasks, etc.

The PRB nevertheless proposes to act in the name of the masses. Although its membership has dropped sharply—perhaps by half—since its peak of close to 200,000 in 1962, it would still seem fair to say that the party has a mass base. Its inner evolution has been extreme. When Bosch returned triumphantly to the Dominican Republic on October 20, 1961 (for the first time in 24 years!), the party slogans dealt with social justice, individual liberties, and improved well-being for all layers of society. It easily outdistanced its rivals on the Left, the Dominican Communist party (PSP—Partido Socialista Popular), and the more dramatic *fidelista* movement, the MPD (Movimiento Popular Dominicano). But today Bosch's PRD offers a program drawn from a new set of ideas.

Balaguer is an empiricist who relies upon his knowledge of the governmental machinery and a narrow shrewdness in manipulating power to ward off the challenge of

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Juan Bosch. Bosch, on the other hand, has always been concerned with questions of theory and principle in the art of governing. When challenged to explicate his slogan of "dictatorship with popular support," he is prepared to answer in detail. He also has some idea of the complexity of modern history and politics, unlike Balaguer who thinks in the classic terms of liberal and Catholic elitism.

Bosch began as a thorough-going democrat with a vague socialist program:

> The democratic system starts from one point: that sovereignty resides with the people alone and that what they decide by majority wish is sacred. . . . In short, a representative democracy cannot exist unless it is accepted that the will of the people, expressed freely, legitimately, and honestly, is the very essence of the system.

From this straightforward position Juan Bosch has moved a long way.

ANNOUNCED AS THE "NEXT STEP," Bosch's pamphlet, *Dictatorship with Popular Support* sold out quickly on the streets of Santo Domingo when it appeared on June 16, 1969. Although scarcely an impressive theoretical declaration, it instantly became the center of controversy. It announced his abandonment of a "democratic" perspective and embraced a policy of struggle, including mass violence, for the seizure of power. It broke cleanly with any notion of appealing to or forming an alliance with any forces in the United States.

Strategically, the document is directed toward new elements in Dominican society: the youth and student groups, intellectuals, professionals, and technicians. Traditionally, it maintains its appeal to the urban and rural masses, but clearly they are no longer seen as the vanguard force. To those who have argued—and there are many—that his slogan simply means a Dominican version of *fidelismo,* or Marxism-Leninism, Bosch has answered with denials. I am inclined to agree that he has something different in mind. He hardly expresses a novel thought when he says that

> Representative democracy has served to maintain the privileges of a minority of property and wealth, and it has not provided the stability, personal safety, health care, and education that the majority wants.
> —*New York Times,* April 21, 1970

What, then, has changed? His "Pentagonism" theory, according to which the military-industrial complex of North America has now seized control over the American economy and foreign policy, is an important, if not key, aspect of Bosch's thinking. He sees *pentagonismo* as the concretization of North American imperialism in the seventies, one component of the "Latin-American oligarchic front," and as an alliance between the American military and the great landlords, the import-export merchants, the banks, fellow Latin-American militarists, etc. The North Americans, of course, dominate this alliance. In turn, "Pentagonism" is so built into the American economic and political system that it makes no difference who heads the government or which party is in power. The military-industrial alliance of the Northern colossus operates inexorably, proceeds according to fixed responses, and cannot be influenced except by force.

No Latin-American country, according to Bosch, can free itself from the United States without meeting the latter's instant intervention and resistance. "Violence is inevitable," says Bosch. "The North Americans will not allow us to go our own way." That we confront here an oversimplified version of imperialism and a Devil theory of history seems clear. But such is the stern conviction of the Dominican Republic's revolutionary leader, and of a considerable portion of the population standing behind him.

To those who challenge Bosch to describe in more detail his "dictatorship with popular support," he presents his anarcho-syndicalist side. He speaks of autonomous bodies of

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the citizenry, organized into decentralized "estates" (unions, professional bodies, peasant and small landowners' associations, etc.), among which the state itself will compete for influence. It will be pressured, in turn, by the corporate bodies. This is the utopian side of Bosch's ideology, but one ought neither to ignore it nor underestimate his sincerity. Of course, it has little to do with either daily tactics or immediate strategy. What then is Bosch after with his slogan of "dictatorship with popular support"? Does it materially differ from *fidelismo?*

In my view, he would like to forge a tough alliance between his party (elitist leadership, professionals, and intellectuals of the new Dominican society) and the "progressive," younger officers of the Dominican military. This elite-military alliance, after the seizure of power, will rule the country with a rough hand, aggressive on the social and economic front, ruthless toward opposition from all quarters, firm against threats of intervention. Nor would I exclude in advance the popularity of such a political-cum-military dictatorship; on the contrary. The spirit of intense nationalism could inspire such an alliance. If this appears to dovetail with the later stages of Cuba's *fidelismo* as described by René Dumont (cf. DISSENT, September-October 1970), or with recent political trends in Peru and Chile as described by Victor Alba, this is correct. To a large extent, Bosch's recent thought may be seen as a coming to terms with *fidelismo,* or the forging of a Dominican version of Castroism minus the latter's original spontaneity and élan.

It is hard to say whether Bosch and his PRD boycotted the elections because they felt that, even in a relatively fair poll, their party would lose, or whether their boycott was an opening blast in a campaign to prevent the functioning of normal parliamentary democracy. It was probably a combination of both. Balaguer received approximately 600,000 votes out of 1,100,000 cast, or considerably less than his 1966 total of 750,000. (Bosch received 500,000 in 1966.) One quarter of a million fewer Dominicans voted in 1970 than in 1966, enabling the PRD to claim these abstentions as protest votes since, in theory, everyone is required to vote. The PRD may have claimed "victory" in that the combined abstentionist, anti-Balaguer and allegedly coerced vote may add up to more than Balaguer's 600,000 votes, but the latter's *Reformista* party exercises full political and social power. Only the Nixon administration drew satisfaction from the election results.

THAT THE UNITED STATES retains control of the Dominican Republic, lock-stock-and-barrel, is beyond question. As one leaves the international airport to drive into the capital city, huge billboards of Chase Manhattan and the First National City banks "welcome" one to the country, unabashedly. The record since Jefferson's time of North American pressure, domination, and intervention is well-known.

Yet these brutal facts do not warrant the automatic deduction that one can predict at all times American response to a given situation in the Republic. Professor Howard J. Wiarda, a close student of Dominican affairs, has described the present U.S. role in Santo Domingo in a recent unpublished paper on the elections as directed toward

> . . . helping promote gradualist social and economic reforms within a framework of political stability. This implies strong support of the Balaguer government, of the military, which is still viewed as the last bastion of stability and anti-Communism, and ultimately of the established order. In essence, the U.S. has continued to try to impose Anglo-American style democracy ("free elections," "loyal opposition," "local initiative," etc.) and an evolutionary, incremental, essentially 19th-century and even New Deal development model. . . .

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In Wiarda's view, this model is both irrelevant and inappropriate to Dominican needs. The built-in resistance to change in the society prevents such a policy from succeeding.

Still, we cannot evade the key question: is there a chance of significant economic development in the Dominican Republic today, under present conditions, that is, the continued existence of the Balaguer administration? Can Balaguer break through the cycle of poverty, stagnation, and backwardness, and avoid turmoil and revolutionary upheaval, predicted on all sides? Or is the future hopeless without a cleansing revolution?

The stench of poverty varies from one poverty-ridden country to another. In India it is pungent—curry powders and condiments, mixing with the odors of street filth. In the Dominican Republic it is flat and stale, as though frying oil was neutralized by the street odors. But the poverty is there, and has been since the moment Columbus landed on the island of Hispanola 500 years ago and noted in his *Journal* how poor the Indians were.

The classic ingredients that make up this poverty are familiar throughout the Caribbean: high unemployment, high illiteracy (50 percent), a landless agricultural class, consisting of 68 percent of the total agricultural population,[7] a steady migration of peasants to Santo Domingo and the country's few other large centers to swell the *barrios* (Santo Domingo grows at a rate of 8 percent annually); an educational system in which less than 13 percent of those who are eligible attend secondary schools; a top-heavy armed force that, in 1963, had a total of 17,200 men (12,000 in the army, 3,000 in the navy, and 2,200 in the air force), accounting for more than 40 percent of the annual budget; an explosive population growth of 4 percent per year (that of India, supposedly the example of demographic failure, is now 2.5 percent); just about the lowest per-capita annual income in Latin America ($218); an infrastructure that desperately requires highways, tourist centers for income, feeder roads, irrigation, electricity, etc.

The Dominican Republic is not large, nor is it particularly fertile. It is mountainous, capable of much greater irrigation and electrical power than has been developed so far, but it is limited in scope regarding further economic development unless, of course, significant discoveries of metallic ores occur. At present only bauxite (ALCOA-owned) is important, though there is a potential for the expansion of iron ore mines, copper, etc. There appears to be no oil.

Most people spend their lives in the countryside and in the smaller towns and villages. They live in simple huts with palm-thatched roofs. The climate is equable, the scenery beautifully rugged; the standards of living and productivity are both low. Medium-sized farms, over 200 hectares in size and mainly in the Cibao valley, in addition to their own food needs, grow coffee, cocoa, and tobacco for export. But what really counts are the great estates and companies (*latifundias*) in the East (Azucarera Haina, La Romana, South Puerto Rico Sugar Company, etc.), which make up the sugar industry—all foreign, American-owned—and the cattle ranches. The network of imperialistic entanglements, which link the great families of Dominica, the banks, the exporters, the landowners, etc., is spun around these companies. About 1 million tons of sugar are exported annually to the United States and the United Kingdom, constituting 60 percent of the country's total export trade. (There is, it goes without saying, a 20–30 percent export-import imbalance each year.) This represents 90 percent of the sugar crop. Then follow exports of coffee, cocoa, leaf tobacco, and bananas, in that order. There is a growing export of bauxite, and the only significant manu-

[7] Balaguer's feeble agrarian reform program settles 2,000 peasant families a year on small plots, but the number of new peasant families seeking land is estimated at 20,000 plus per year.

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factured item is cement, which goes largely to the United States.

The Republic is, then, a classic example of a one-crop economy with its attendant evils. Since we know that all underdeveloped countries are primary exporters, it follows that H. Myint's generalization to the effect that "It is now generally assumed that the expansion of primary exports is highly unlikely ever to provide a satisfactory basis of continuous economic growth for the underdeveloped countries," holds true for the Dominican Republic as well.[8] The present economic path leads into the rut of backwardness, dependency, and stagnation.[9] Growing more sugar cane is about as valuable for the prospects of the future as the patronizing activities of Balaguer in handing out sewing machines and peso bills to the groups around his presidential home. Some feel that the only way out lies in besieging the U.S. Consulate office for a visa.

The American government bears the greater share of responsibility, both historically and in the immediate sense, and it knows this. The economic chaos that followed the 1965 uprising required about $100 million in U.S. grants and huge amounts of food to maintain the economy and to prevent hunger. Since 1966 and the first election of Balaguer, another $110 million ($60 million in grants, $50 million in development loans) have been supplied by the U.S. This represents the highest per-capita level of aid to Latin America in the past five years. Much of this has gone down the usual sink holes of corruption, bribery, and waste, but cautious economists point to some improvement, largely surface in nature. (A balanced budget, increased tax revenues, reduced food costs, at least until the recent meat shortage, etc.). But the most needed improvements, such as highway repair and construction, irrigation expansion (the absence of which blocks any major agrarian reform), exploration for mineral and ore possibilities, etc., are not done. In city and countryside, one misses drive and initiative. Yet those who renounce armed struggle as futile must accept the view that the Balaguer government can be pressured into action, action that must yield structural reforms to have any effect. For example, Vice-President Francisco Augusto Lora, head of the Movimiento de Integracion Democratica (MIDA), a small party, who openly opposed Balaguer in the election, has pushed the following program upon the new government:

Constitutional reform to prohibit presidential reelection.
New electoral law against compulsary voting and favoring better representation to opposition parties.
Strict observance of human rights.
Authentic agrarian reform.
Social Security program.
Agricultural credit.
Freedom for trade unions.
Full guarantees for freedom of expression.

Clearly, Lora sees himself as a rallying center for progressive action. I would maintain that the U.S. can be obliged, both by force of circumstances and by its own people, to underwrite the basic costs of such a program.

In this generally dismal picture, is there a ray of hope for the future? I share the view of Professor Wiarda (DISSENT, November–December 1969) that "It is extremely presumptuous for affluent North Americans to tell a people living in misery, starvation, oppression, and frustration that

[8] *The Economics of the Developing Countries,* by U. H. Myint (London: Hutchinson, 1964).

[9] Sugar production for the first trimester of 1970 has attained the record tonnage of 514,888, as compared with 442,521 tons of cane cut in the first trimester of the previous record year of 1961. It promises to be an all-time record year for the country. It is calculated that 150,000 tons will be kept for local consumption, and 970,000 for export abroad. Under the American quota system, 464,316 tons will go to the U.S. market, or less than half. But the 1970 quota is 10 percent less than that of 1969, signifying that the country must sell over half its sugar elsewhere (in Europe) at whatever price it can obtain. What has record productivity brought with it?

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they should be patient, that they must wait and sacrifice now for a distant and uncertain future. . . ." Nevertheless, we know that economic development, particularly if accompanied by an equitable distribution of its fruits, is a long and difficult process. All the developmental experience of the so-called Third World nations points inescapably to this. Nor is economic development of any kind likely in a country such as the Dominican Republic without previously breaking the back of the triumvirate of large landowners, Church, and Army, which holds concentrated power at the top.

Political power must be decentralized and distributed to those who lack it but have the will to change things. This means that such men as General Chinino Lluberes, head of the air force base at San Isidro, notorious center of military intrigue, and General Enrique Perez y Perez, chief of the armed forces, must be curbed by civilian power; and those areas of the countryside which, in effect, are military fiefdoms must be restored to civilian control.

LET US EXAMINE the following political scenario, admittedly one among others, but with a stronger likelihood than others of being realized. Howard Wiarda, in his paper on the recent elections, has suggested a more moderate perspective, but it does not fit the irrational pattern that Bosch, like other charismatic leaders of our time, seems to have chosen. Professor Wiarda believes that the PRD of Juan Bosch will wait another decade for its "revolution" and that, meanwhile, it sees its task as

> . . . building up its organization, carrying its message to the masses in the countryside, building nationalistic and revolutionary consciousness, demonstrating that the present system is incapable of meeting popular demands, and laying the groundwork for a future revolutionary movement that will once and for all destroy the power of the country's entrenched interests. . . .

Unquestionably, there are leaders of the PRD, among whom is probably its Secretary General Pena Gomez, who hold to this perspective. But the tactic and strategy of Bosch will, I think, prove otherwise. It will be the tactic of *mobilization* and the strategy of *confrontation.*

Mobilization (both of the masses and the opposition) means keeping the present government off-balance by actions that disturb the "public order"; by emphasizing its weakness, ineptitude, and undeniable tendency to capitulate to the Right; by exposing its incapacity to achieve any real economic successes through pursuing goals that would lead to savings for further capital investment; by refusing to take part in parliamentary democracy; by not strengthening existing democratic institutions. In a word, such mobilization means making it difficult for the present government to function.

Confrontation—an eventual face-to-face encounter between the mobilized masses, urban and rural, and those sections of the middle class willing to follow the PRD leadership and program, on one side, and the government forces on the other side—is a step between mobilization and revolution itself. In our problematic scenario, this may come about several years from now. It may begin with strike actions and nonviolent acts of disobedience among professionals supporting the Bosch movement, gradually extending to workers' organizations and peasant unions. Most likely, it would take the form of "flash" strikes seriously hampering the normal functions of the government and bringing the country to a standstill. At a certain point, the armed forces would then be brought in and, in the usual brutal fashion, kill some hundreds of strikers and their supporters. But this time the military would not succeed; the movement would be too powerful. At this point the Army, its failure apparent to all, would go to Balaguer to report its defeat and its unwillingness to

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go on simply killing people. This would signify the end of the present government; Balaguer would announce his resignation and, before going into exile, turn over the government to the military.

Sensing victory, the PRD and Bosch would then feel that their moment has come. Bosch and the military would enter negotiations, with the major thrust toward the so-called progressive junior officers. Bosch has a program for them—nationalization, nationalism, structural economic changes. He has an example to put before their eyes, the Peruvian officers in power. A strong section of the military should respond favorably, with the understanding that the strike movement is called off, that there is a return to "normalization" and work, followed by negotiations based on the promise of a new deal for the country, this time backed by the military. Except for the ultra-left Fidelistas, Maoists, etc., Bosch would be followed.[10] He may, however, be obliged to deliver a heavy repressive blow against the ultra Left, and he would not hesitate.

We would see then a political alliance of radical middle class and radicalized officer class, cemented by the PRD's institutions and common sentiments of nationalism. But the story is not yet over. A section of the military—reactionary, Trujillist, and pro-American—may reject this scenario. Striking out to start a civil war, it would attack the Bosch supporters, including its military wing. It cannot "win," but can bring about a state of civil war. Would this be the moment for unleashing a new North American intervention? Would the Marines land once again? Given Washington's capacity for blundering (surely, there would be State Department people and Pentagonists urging large-scale invasion), one dare not say this could not happen. But I suspect that this time, cooler and subtler heads would prevail ("let them kill one another for a while"), and invasion would not take place—not yet. Let civil war rage a while. Then, after a few weeks or months, the North American *gringos* would be welcomed by both sides. And as the Americans arrive to restore "peace," everyone would know which side they support. And on the ruins of what would remain, the whole tragic cycle would start all over again.

ONLY TWO THINGS can prevent the unfolding of this tragic scenario: (1) economic development, including structural changes so that distribution becomes more equitable, and (2) the unambiguous lifting of the threat of American intervention, under any circumstances and no matter what provocation. Obviously, these two conditions are linked together; both could halt the present trend toward civil strife. A start can be made by the American government with a unilateral declaration of intent not to intervene militarily in the affairs of the country. That would be the greatest contribution we could make to the future of these people.

IN THE QUALITIES and shortcomings of both Joaquin Balaguer and Juan Bosch one sees all the weaknesses of Dominican society. Neither may be considered apart; they are mirror images of each other. All the immaturities and failures of this Republic are present in both. As their incessant concern with one another's statements and activities testifies, one cannot live politically without the other, anymore than they can live with one another.

If this is true, then the basis for a limited *modus operandi* exists—practical, concrete, nonideological. I am not, of course, suggesting the formation of a "national unity" government that would include the PRD, as was recently proposed by Balaguer. This half-serious proposition was scornfully turned down by Bosch and others for, as Pena Gomez, the second leader of the PRD, said, "How can we join a government that

[10] At all times Bosch has protected his flank by vigorously attacking as irresponsible petty-bourgeois, etc. those who attack him from the "Left."

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shoots down our people?" But a basis for limited collaboration exists because of two factors: first, Balaguer's frequent public recognition that his country's main danger comes from the threat of a rightist coup; second, Bosch's understanding that top priority should go to economic development as a preliminary to social change.

In his second inaugural address (August 1970), President Balaguer gave recognition to the world-wide social revolution that "will overwhelm those who . . . oppose this universal flood." He went so far as to pinpoint the two greatest social evils under which his people live: (1) high concentration of land-ownership and irrigation water; (2) the hundreds of thousands of land-hungry and unemployed peasants. The government proposes a significant land-distribution program, some major hydroelectric and irrigation projects, etc.

The Dominican economy is ripe for a change. It is in a stronger position than it has been for years. The President possesses the means, largely based on American loans and advances, for carrying forward major developmental programs of agrarian reform, irrigation, housing, education, and industrialization. The stumbling block consists of the unresolved political relationships, with Balaguer struggling to restrain the putschist military crowd, and Bosch striving not to be outflanked on the Left by an assortment of *fidelistas*, Maoists, etc.

The issue is, can a small, backward, divided nation of some 4 million people, with a tradition of violence, carry out fundamental social reforms nonviolently? I think they can. To a considerable extent, the answer rests with these two men, though the response of the U.S. constitutes another formidable factor.

THERE ARE SOME TOUGH QUESTION to which, at best, only tentative answers can be given.

1. *Why is Juan Bosch wrong in his apparent conclusion that nothing can any longer be accomplished through parliamentary means or within the limits imposed by American power?*

Because this self-defeating conclusion yields the field to the enemy in advance of the struggle; because it ignores both the possibility of applying "pressure" on Balaguer by legitimate and parliamentary means, as well as the evolution of his own position (the effort to build a stronger popular base than that of the traditionalist oligarchy); because it fails to recognize the fact that U.S. power and capacity to act abroad is actually shrinking throughout the world and that, henceforth, there will probably be no automatic interventionist reflexes on the part of the U.S.

Finally, and most important, because the Dominican people themselves are fed up with violence, coups, civil strife, bloodshed, they will not massively back any party whose slogans and action appear to take for granted the inevitability of violence. "Dictatorship" in their minds is associated with violence and terror. Bosch's slogan of "dictatorship with popular support" has not gone down well with the people (isolated groups of middle-class intellectuals excepted). The operational word is "dictatorship," and Latin Americans have centuries of experience with it.

The last dictatorship popularly backed (by unions and workers' organizations) in Latin America was Peron's in Argentina; hardly an enticing example. There is no sign Bosch has fired the Dominican people with his slogan; he remains popular because the social evils of Dominican society remain.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

We strongly urge anyone submitting material to DISSENT *to keep a carbon copy. We take more than usual precautions, but the U.S. mails these days are not exactly at the peak of efficiency and we have had one or two unhappy situations in which articles were lost in the mails. So keep a copy.*

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2. *Can Balaguer be pushed, and how much and in what direction? Would those he represents permit this? Can he be forced to bring about institutional and structural changes in land relationships, industry, business, etc.?*

The weakness of the Balaguer presidency is clear: lack of unambiguous support from a significant social class. But Balaguer, an alert political leader, is aware of this and is moving to win such support by creating for himself an independent peasant base. I foresee a speed-up of land reform and the creation of many new thousands of small peasant-proprietorship families. (This will scarcely be the first time a conservative, bourgeois leader has initiated important land distribution programs.) The agricultural and sugarfield laborers, landless, and unemployed a large part of the year, will continue to suffer and to support the more drastic PRD program of land reform; but here is simply an opening for Bosch and his party to exert pressure on the administration in power.

Furthermore, Balaguer knows he must modernize the country and change its relationship to the United States if he is to gain any support among urban people—students, the new technological class, etc. The Dominican Republic is on the edge of major economic and social development over the next decade, provided, of course, its internal political struggle does not destroy it in advance. As one who appears politically poised in a stance of perpetual belligerency, Bosch is hardly in an enviable position, and even his present support among intellectuals and students could melt quickly. Faced with the possibility of major economic progress, his calls for revolutionary struggle may become "obsolete."

The sticking point with Balaguer is that while one part of his political mind publicly recognizes and accepts the need for "institutional and structural changes" of a major order, another part holds him in a gradualist vise controlled by oligarchist and conservative forces. In searching for means of defending his regime he fears the Right far more than the Left; but he also fears dependence on the Left. Bosch, who is at present the voice of the Left, also rejects such a limited unity of action as is suggested here. He has never proposed to defend the present government against any rightist putsch. Nevertheless, the inner mechanics of the struggle point in such a direction and on all sides heads with a clearer vision are bound to come forward.

3. *Given the conditions in the Dominican Republic, what choice do the people have but to follow the path of revolutionary violence indicated by Bosch's policy? Why is such a course adventuristic? What would you have the PRD do?*

In general terms, one might reply to this by pointing out the consequences of any number of violent revolutionary paths to power in the 20th century. Algeria would be the latest, but no less representative example. Dictatorship *without* popular support appears to be the almost inevitable outcome of such movements. Why would the Dominican Republic, whose democratic tradition is so recent and feeble to begin with, end up differently? We know that in Bosch's thoughts and actions over the years the notion of a military *junta* has always loomed large; of course, invariably presented as a "temporary" and "transitional" measure. Any political policy based upon the "inevitability" of violence is adventuristic in that it becomes "inevitably" a self-fulfilling prophecy. Each crisis, small or large, offers its automatic violent solution rather than forcing the leadership to search for other ways, alternatives to violence. And the confrontation, toward which everything seems to head, could bring one of the worst of all forms of violence—American military intervention.

It is not true that the United States will not and cannot tolerate major structural changes in the Dominican Republic. Peru, soon Chile, Venezuela, and other Latin-American states underscore the falseness of this view. The U.S. will accept nationaliza-

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tion and expropriation of American properties, major land redistribution programs (Mexico), class shifts in property holdings and property relations, etc; but it will also resist efforts to upset its political hegemony in the Caribbean, particularly if such efforts are linked up with another power (Cuba). The relatively paltry tens, even hundreds, of millions invested by American imperialists in the Dominican Republic are not the disturbing element; such matters can always be arranged.

FINALLY, A WORD on the course of action indicated for the PRD. In the immediate sense, it ought to develop a new set of tactics with respect to the present Balaguer administration—firm insistence that it *carry out* its proposed program (agricutural and irrigation reform, etc.); an end to confrontationist threats that provoke the Right and encourage police violence and terror; an acceptance of its present role of revolutionary opposition on a nonviolent basis.

Dominicans say:

"A rich Negro is a mulatto."
"A rich mulatto is a white man."
"Being white is a profession."

Those who know the Dominicans agree that they are essentially a long-suffering, gentle (all things considered) people with a dignity of their own. They also possess a sense of humor and playfulness, and a capacity for looking critically at themselves. Given their history, these people have little reason for illusion. On the positive side, there is no serious problem of racism, despite Trujillo's effort to "whiten" the population. Almost two-thirds of the population is mixed. The Dominicans take the omnipresent corruption with grace and good humor, fully aware of what goes on. According to Victor Alba, the military regime in power during the 1963–65 period permitted army officers to import goods duty free (radios and transistors, refrigerators, air conditioners, machinery, etc.), so that they could supplement their regular salaries with a small resale business. But because the head of state then was the franchise-holder of a U.S. auto agency, American cars were excluded from the list. Such is the stuff of Dominican politics.

In his final paragraph tacked on to his version of Columbus's *Journal,* the great Spanish Dominican historian, Bartolome de las Casas, writes:

> These are the last words of the admiral Don Christopher Columbus concerning his first voyage to the Indies and their discovery, and he had assuredly much reason and spoke as a very prudent man and almost as a prophet, although carnal men have not appreciated the goods which God offered to Spain, both, spiritual and temporal; but for her ambition and greed Spain was not worthy to enjoy the spiritual good, save for some servants of God.

Nor were those who succeeded the Spaniards —the English, the French, and, finally, the North Americans any more worthy. Columbus himself had already spelled the doom of the island of "Espanola" when he remarked, "It is a land to be desired and, when seen, never to be left. I have taken possession of all for their Highnesses. . . ." Thus began the story almost half a millennium ago. It is time it ended. With two requirements: first, economic growth, demanding a degree of tranquility, an end to the atmosphere of potential violence and actual threat bordering upon adventurism. Second, the lifting of any threat of intervention from its only possible source, the United States. If the Dominicans are finally to begin their own history, these are the minimal conditions.

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Alice S. Rossi

Women—Terms of Liberation

AT LEAST FOR THE MOMENT, Women's Liberation is "in." Its advocates get wide publicity in the mass media, and there is talk, mostly not very serious, about what "those women" want. On campuses, as in professional organizations, there has been mounting pressure to hire and promote more women, to provide child-care facilities for married women students and employees, and to offer courses on the history and the status of women. The voicing of these demands will increase significantly at professional conventions. I predict comparable increases in the political and economic realms, as women organize and demonstrate to change laws and employer practices that discriminate on the grounds of sex. Among activist women there is clearly a new note of optimism.

This optimistic sense does not, however, seem to be shared by many men. The majority of American men appear to be convinced that if they wait out the storm, activism will die down and they can then continue to run government agencies, businesses, and universities. I do not share the view that the women's rights movement is a passing thing. Indeed, I think the movement has not yet reached its crest, though I also believe it faces hard times. What follows is an attempt to sketch both the encouraging and discouraging developments that may mark the women's movement in the next decade.

At the outset I shall draw on my personal experiences in academic and private life, upon participation in several reform movements in recent years, and upon a commitment to fundamental change in American society.

Personal-Political Background

AS AN UNDERGRADUATE and graduate student, I had no particular interest in the status of women, sex roles, or occupational choice. I entered college as an English major, pragmatism dictating an occupational choice of high school English teacher, but romanticism prompting a hope I might become a famous writer. I was one of those thousands of bright, eager New York students attending the city colleges, in my case, Brooklyn College. My first sociology instructor was Louis Schneider, and he began his course by reading a Whitman poem and raising the question: who was this man? what does the poem tell about his time, his place on this globe? I found the sociological dimension of literature so fascinating that I fell in love with the field, and began a life-long affair of the heart and mind that is second only to my own marriage and the three children of that marriage. As a graduate student at Columbia, I was interested in the macroscopic analysis of social institutions; in family and kinship systems rather than the roles of women within family systems; in reference groups, through work with Robert Merton, and in studies of the professions. The occupational role I chose to study in Kingsley Davis's seminar was that of the politician, though not once did I think to look into the sex-linked nature of occupational choice.

No woman in 1970, I hope, could be the

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total innocent I was in 1950 concerning sex discrimination. I dreamed of being one day the president of the American Sociological Society, and of writing a major opus that would be built on the strengths of my two mentors in theory and research. I discounted as peevish envy the claim of my male peers that I would not get a fellowship "because I was a woman," and then, when I was awarded one, the counterclaim that "someone on the faculty must be trying to make you."

It would have been congenial for me to move from graduate training to an academic position as a teacher and secondarily a researcher. But this is a path difficult for a married woman in academia, particularly if, like myself, she is married to a sociologist. So I spent ten years as a research associate, following not my own interests so much as the availability of funds and openings: intergroup relations at Cornell, generational differences in the Soviet Union at Harvard, kinship in the middle class at the University of Chicago.

Through these research undertakings, I developed a fascination with a problem seldom adequately stated within sociological theory itself: what are the connections, the strains and accommodations between involvement in the family on the one hand, and the occupational system on the other? I was taking a first step away from the predominant theory that the family and occupational systems require "mechanisms of segregation" with only one member of the family participating significantly in the occupational system—a theory I now view as an intellectual put-down providing a rationale for men as the prime movers in work and politics.

The source of this growing interest was not only research and scholarship; it was also my own personal experience as a faculty wife and mother of young children. As a faculty wife, I had ample opportunity to observe that some sociological theorists did a good job of preventing two members of a family from holding significant positions in the occupational system. At Harvard and again at Chicago, I saw numerous instances of women being kept off the academic turf their husbands claimed as their own. I had offended one such theorist by negotiating an appointment at Harvard without first clearing such a horrendous step with him, then my husband's department chairman. I watched women friends leave the university when they became pregnant and being kept out when they tried to return after their children entered school. And during the two years I had my first two children I learned from personal experience the truth of the existential thesis that "one becomes what one does," for I realized with horror that I was resenting my husband's freedom to continue his full-time academic work despite the addition of parental responsibilities, and even more that I was actually trying to prevent his playing an intimate role in the lives of the children, so that I might at least have ascendancy in parenthood to complement his ascendancy in our profession.

But it took a return to academia, involving a traumatic encounter with the discrimination academic women so often suffer, to jar me out of my innocence. I began a long process of reestablishing connections with my earlier life: intellectual exposure to the ideas of Robert Lynd and C. Wright Mills, personal experiences in a variety of working-class and white-collar clerical jobs, and involvement in radical politics (as an undergraduate in the 1930s and early 1940s). I began to draw together these older layers of the self and to focus the ideas, the personal experience, and the political commitment I now have.

My own trial by fire involved a not untypical story of a bright woman Ph.D. accepting a research associateship to do a study the male principal investigator was not competent to do on his own, and in which he had very little interest. At least initially his interest was low, until I had designed

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the study, fielded it, and partially analyzed the results. At that point he realized he had a good thing going, and simply announced, despite verbal agreements about co-authorship, that my services were no longer needed. I was a salaried research associate, he a full professor, and as the dean put it bluntly to me, "he is valuable university property; you, unfortunately, are expendable."

My own concern for the status of women, the analysis of sex roles, the study of and active participation in abortion law and divorce law reform, I date to the "slow burn" that began in that first major encounter with sex discrimination in academia. It immediately precipitated the scholarship and writing that led me down the path of immodesty to my first essay on sex equality.

The varied response to that *Daedalus* essay was itself a revealing commentary on American academia. Several male colleagues accused me of troubling their marriages. Young women wrote to say they decided to return to graduate school instead of having another baby. My husband received a sympathetic bereavement card from a West Coast sociologist for having such an upstart wife. A more recent example of this kind was the reaction of male sociologists to the roles my husband and I played at the sociology convention in the fall of 1969. As secretary of the association, my husband was on the platform while I delivered a speech and submitted resolutions for the women's caucus. In the months since then, I have had offers for academic appointments based on the premise that my husband and I are about to be divorced. My husband has been asked how he felt when I delivered that speech, with his male colleagues not knowing how to take his response that he felt pride! During earlier years, my university colleagues criticized me for "not sticking to my last" as research sociologist instead of writing analytic social criticism. Others said it was inappropriate and would "ruin your career" to get involved in the "woman thing," or to be publicly visible as an organizer for abortion law reform, or to write in a woman's magazine that "motherhood was not enough." Nowhere did one hear anything about responsibility for reaching the larger public, nor did one have any sense that there was an obligation for a family sociologist to "do something" about contraception, abortion, or women's rights.

As you may know from reading Eli Ginsberg on life styles of educated women, a supportive husband is an absolute requirement for professional women. Unfortunately, Ginsberg does not understand how a woman gets a supportive husband. It is not a "condition" she is fortunate to have as a base for being something more than homemaker, mother, and husband-relaxer. He is something she looks for, and when she finds him, she marries him. It didn't just happen that my husband is supportive; I chose him in part because he *was*.

From 1964 to the fall of 1969 I enjoyed an ususual status under a research award from the National Institute of Mental Health. This award gave me an academic umbrella to legitimize my status in the university and the independence to undertake my own research. The best education I ever had I acquired on my own during the first year or so of that award: the luxury of getting lost in libraries again, free to acquire that delicious "itch to know," to tackle new fields, turn down any lecture, paper, or course offering that did not interest me. Midway into that five-year award, I undertook a major research study of family and career roles of women college graduates. What time I had beyond this research and family responsibilities was invested in active attempts at social, legal, and political change to benefit women. By early 1969, however, I felt increasingly out of rapport with most of my colleagues in empirical sociology and restless for direct contact with the college-age generation. I had studied these young people; now I wanted to teach them. In the fall of 1969, I therefore shifted from re-

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search sociology at Johns Hopkins to undergraduate teaching at Goucher College.

Background of Current Women's Movement

IT HAS BECOME FASHIONABLE to link the emergence of the women's liberation movement to the participation of younger women in the civil rights movement. These young women, one reads, drew the conclusion their ancestors did from involvement in the abolitionist cause of the nineteenth century: that the arguments developed and the battles waged to free the black American could apply to American women, even though women in the abolitionist as in the civil rights movement all too often found themselves treated as second-class creatures good for cooking, typing, and comforting their male leaders. Without detracting from this point at all, I would only remark that the women's liberation movement is a bit more than two years old, and there were important, though less visible, changes among American women earlier in the 1960s.

In fact, I would argue that it was the changed composition of the female labor force during the period beginning with 1940 but rapidly peaking in the 1950s that provided the momentum leading to the establishment of the Kennedy Commission on the Status of Women and the formation of new women's rights organizations in the mid-1960s. So long as women worked mostly before marriage or after marriage only until a first pregnancy, or lived within city limits where there was a diversity of cultural activities to engage them, there were but feeble grounds for a significant movement among women, since their motivation for working was short-lived. Only among women who are relatively permanent members of the work force could daily experience force an awareness of economic inequities based on sex and a determination to do something about them. It was the women who served on the numerous committees of the Kennedy commission, followed by the thousands who worked with the state commissions established during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, who experienced and then stimulated a mood of rising expectations among American women.

These were committed, knowledgeable, largely middle-aged women who had high hopes, as they filed their reports, that American society would finally do something to improve the status of women. Their hopes were dashed by the treatment they experienced at the spring 1966 conference of representatives from the state commissions brought together by the Department of Labor in Washington. From that frustrating experience, a number of women concluded that little significant change could be expected until a strong organization was built that would be completely independent of the political establishment. This was how the National Organization for Women was formed in the fall of 1966. The range of women's problems that NOW is concerned with has broadened greatly since 1966, but the core continues to be equal treatment in hiring and promotion.

NOW includes lively, dedicated women who are pressing hard against the barriers that restrict women in American society. Except for its action in behalf of airline stewardesses, however, it has had relatively little public or media attention outside of New York, at least if compared to the extraordinary press coverage given to the women's liberation groups this past year. Why so? The answer, I think, lies in differences of stress and outlook between these two tendencies within the women's movement.

A fundamental assumption of American society is that men's primary social roles are in work and women's primary social roles in the family. It is conventionally supposed that all men will want to work at a challenging job. Nothing is so threatening to conventional values as a man who does not want to

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work or does not want to work at a challenging job, and most people are disturbed if a man in a well-paying job indicates ambivalence or dislike toward it. The counterpart for women is any suggestion that they feel ambivalent toward maternity, marriage, or homemaking, probably in that order. In more sociological terms, we might put this as follows: social roles vary in the extent to which it is culturally permissible to express ambivalence or negative feelings toward them. Ambivalence can be admitted most readily toward those roles that are optional, least where they are considered primary. Thus men repress negative feelings toward work and feel freer to express negative feelings toward leisure, sex and marriage, while women are free to express negative feelings toward work but tend to repress them toward family roles.

Applying these hypotheses to the issues that triggered public attention to the women's movement helps explain why reactions are more intense to the women's liberation groups than to women's rights organizations like NOW. There was widespread concern in manpower, government, and university circles when many bright middle-class young men began to depart from an unthinking acceptance of occupational aspirations like those of their fathers, either by shifting away from business, engineering, and science toward teaching, social science, and the humanities, or by indicating that their desire was for a life style with more time spent away from the job. The movie *The Graduate* symbolized this generational contrast in dramatic form. Universities were concerned when men students expressed resentment to advanced training as a preparation for the adult rat race. But I doubt that anyone would have worried if only women had expressed such resentment. They would simply have been told that if they could not take the academic pressure, they should go home.

Public airing of ambivalence or a shift of values toward the place of work in the lives of men touches a vital nerve in American society. For women, the counterpart is any airing of ambivalence toward what the culture has defined as *their* primary roles, in marriage and maternity. However, once even a minority of women begin to reject their role as sex object, postpone or reject marriage, stop smiling over a shiny waxed floor or, heaven forbid, question the desirability of having children or rearing them themselves as a full-time job, then they touch an equivalent nerve in American society.

Hence, it is when men question work and women question family commitment that we find public responses ranging from a shiver of distaste to a convulsion of hate. It has been the questioning of family roles among women's liberation groups that has triggered the current widespread attention to the "woman issue." NOW's focus on employment issues, dealing with an "optional" role for women, cannot compete for media attention with antimarriage and antisexism campaigns by the women's lib spokesmen.

Employment

WHAT, NOW, ARE THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS and possibilities? Let me start with the bread-and-butter issue of women's employment. We must first look at a critical determinant of the changed profile of women's participation in the labor force. A lot of nonsense has been written in the past decade to account for the flow of older married women into the labor force. The emphasis has been on the impact of homemaking simplification via frozen foods and complex gadgetry on the one hand, and the search for self-fulfillment and a solution to the "problem without a name" on the other. This is to look for explanations on the supply side of the economic equation. But in an economy as hard-nosed as ours, such a stress is naive, for there must be powerful factors on the demand side that prompted employers to open their doors to older women.

A significant factor underlying this willingness lies in the peculiarities of the demographic structure of the American popula-

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tion between 1940 and 1970. Young women were staying in school longer and marrying at an earlier age, thus shrinking the size of the traditional labor pool of young unmarried women. Even more important, the young women of the 1950s were born in the 1930s, when the birth rate was very low, while at the same time there was a vast increase in the number of young children born during the baby boom of those postwar years. As a result of the rippling effect of this low-fertility cohort, employers *had* to seek women workers from other sources than the young unmarried. Consequently, the trigger was in the first place far more a matter of employer demand than of assertive women pressing to enter into the labor force.

These were also years of vast expansion in precisely those segments of the occupational system in which women have traditionally been prominent. Because schools were flooded with the baby-boom children, women college graduates were assured a welcome as teachers despite age, marital and family status. Colleges and universities were expanding at a rapid rate, and married women were taken on as part-time instructors and full-time researchers. Clerical, sales, and service occupations were expanding, and women with high school degrees were able to choose among the available jobs.

This fortunate circumstance is now changing. In the 1970s there will be a reversal in the demographic pattern. The birth rate is now on the decline, the age at marriage creeping upward, and the time interval between marriage and childbearing widening. In the 1970s there will be more young unmarried and childless married women seeking jobs, for they will be the baby-boom females grown to maturity. At the same time, graduate schools will be producing large numbers of young people with advanced degrees, who will face a very different job market from the one that young Ph.D.'s faced during the past 20 years. Up to 1970 the supply of Ph.D.'s was far below the demand in institutions of higher education, but the reverse will hold from 1970 onward: the supply will exceed the demand in universities. This will be especially true for the natural sciences, less so for the social sciences until late in the 1970s. Which is not to say that the society cannot absorb or does not need highly trained people. From one point of view, the excess supply means an opportunity for reducing class size, providing students with better learning experiences, changing graduate curricula to prepare students for nonacademic jobs, etc. On the other hand, higher education is facing a financial crisis due to the cutbacks in government funding, corporations are pruning staffs of "frills," and government agencies are on an internal economy drive.

It is therefore of critical importance that women press hard during the next few years to secure equal protection of the law and to assure adequate representatoin in all segments of the economy. There is already a first sign that women are withdrawing from the labor force: in the last quarter of 1969 the Bureau of Labor Statistics showed a drop in the unemployment rate, though the drop occurred not because people found jobs, but because unemployed young people and women were ceasing to look for jobs.

What women must do in the next several years does not require new legislation, though passage of an equal rights amendment to the Constitution would cover a wide range of sex inequities in law and practice. Short of such passage, however, it is true that there has been a legal revolution during the 1960s in regard to protection of women's economic rights. Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibits discrimination based on sex by all employers of 25 or more employees, employment agencies and unions with 25 or more members, with the exception of educational institutions. The Equal Pay Act of 1963 requires equal wages and salaries for men and women doing equal work. Amended Executive Order 11375 prohibits discrimination based on sex by federal government contractors and subcon-

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tractors. The Age Discrimination in Employment Act of 1967 prohibits discrimination based on age between 40 and 65. While this act does not prohibit sex discrimination, it could play a significant role in enlarging employment opportunities for women over 40 who wish to return to the labor market or change jobs. Municipal and state Fair Employment Practices commissions and agencies administering state equal pay legislation can also be used to protect employment rights. Women in colleges and universities are not covered by the Civil Rights Act, but women lawyers in activist groups are now working through the channels provided by Executive Order 11375 rather than pressing for congressional change in the educational institutions exemption in the 1964 act. WEAL, the Women's Equity Action League, has mounted an important campaign designed to apply pressure on colleges and universities to comply with this executive order or face cancellation and future loss of government contracts—something no institution of higher education would care to risk. Labor Department guidelines were announced in June 1970 to assure equal job opportunities for women on work paid for under federal contract.

The mere existence of such laws does not solve anything unless women press for their implementation, first by concerted efforts to educate their sex, and second by developing test cases that will bring real changes in women's employment status. Though unglamorous and hard work, and rarely making a flashy news story, this is of greater long-range significance than any amount of bra-burning or antimen speech-making.

Right now it is not clear how national policies in the coming decade will affect the lives of women. In the post-Sputnik decade, there was a widespread campaign to persuade women to enter the labor force, with the government serving as spokesman for short-handed employers trying to meet personnel needs. The laws serving to strengthen women's economic rights were passed during the '60s. It is only in the past few years that Woman Power has emerged, with younger women questioning conventional women's roles. Even while expectations are rising, a reversal of national policy may lie ahead, as a brake is put on military expenditure, and as conservative political elements come into ascendancy with the new-old cry that women belong in the home instead of taking jobs away from men or making "outrageous" demands for maternity benefits and child-care facilities.

At the same time there will be mounting pressure for a national population policy. We are witnessing the advance wave of this policy with the unprecedented shift in opinion regarding abortion in the United States. Those of us who worked on this issue early in the 1960s are now gratified and disturbed by the ease with which total repeal of abortion laws looms as a reality: gratified because this represents the fruition of long, hard effort, disturbed by the quite mixed motivations behind the passage of such legislation.

Public dialogue on population is increasing significantly, and we begin to hear large families discussed as undesirable for individual couples and for society at large. But the problem is that women are being told to hold back on their fertility in the same era in which there may be a shift away from encouraging them to seek significant work in the economy, and when much volunteer work is being transformed into paid employment for the poor. Two such conflicting policies—low fertility and minimal participation in the labor force—can have serious consequences in undercutting the confidence of young women. It would be like putting them in a revolving door and spinning it: not permitting them easy entry or significant work *outside* the home, yet not permitting them fulfillment in a bountiful maternity *inside* the home. The social price of such a conflict could well be a rise in alienation, escape into drugs, alcoholism, or joyless sex and an even greater tendency to live vicariously through the few children they have.

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I would like to think that women would take the lead in calling attention to the human dimensions of national policies that have particular impact on the lives of women. For the organizations directly involved in action concerning women's rights, such a thorough analysis is difficult. It takes time and some distancing from the heat of battle, and hence becomes a special responsibility of women in academia. But their voice will not be heard nor will their analyses be pertinent unless they keep in close contact with the women's rights movement and national policy formation. A good example can be seen in the congressional hearings on the birth control pill this past spring, at which women's liberation spokesmen engaged in widely publicized protest. Their clamor was, in my judgment, ill-advised. We do not halt small-pox vaccinations because a dozen children die from them each year, or stop using antibiotics because 500 users die a year; by the same token, an element of risk in contraceptive pills is, in and of itself, no basis for calling a halt to their use. In no way is this to say that women should not have completely safe contraceptives, or that more emphasis should not be put on male contraceptives, sterilization, and abortion as acceptable procedures to control unwanted births. What I am urging is that women be more thorough and thoughtful in their analysis of a problem before rushing to the streets and into print with arguments that may appear sound superficially but are actually political posturing.

Sexuality

RESEARCH AND EDUCATION in human sexuality, and the implications of such research for the social roles of the sexes is another matter that merits increased attention in the 1970s. Fifty years of accepting Freudian concepts of female sexuality will not be quickly undone by current research on the human sexual response. Psychoanalytic theories have penetrated deep into the modern consciousness, and are reinforced a dozen times a day through commercials that attempt to sell everything from an Ohrbach dress to detergents. What concerns me equally is to be spared another 50 years of anti-Freudian polemics from the women's movement.

Very often such anti-Freudian analyses are couched in Marxist terms. It may serve unstated political ends, but it is historically false and analytically simplistic to claim that women's sexual role reflects the bourgeois notion of man's desire to possess and amass private property, or to charge that the second-class citizenship of women merely reflects capitalist society's need to coerce them into domestic slavery and conspicuous consumption. Marxist analyses of women and capitalism have an element of truth only if you substitute industrialization for capitalism. As the Communist nations have industrialized, the same hard pinch of double jobs is detectable in the lives of their employed married women, and the same loss of humane values in the work place. Nor is there much evidence that the relations between the sexes are particularly different in Communist nations from those in Western Europe or the United States. The major difference is merely one of intensity: no country can match the United States for media saturated with exploitative and male-dominant sex, typified so well by the infantile or cruel acts of physical rape that fill so many pages of Norman Mailer's books.

A number of radical-feminist analyses begin with a good critique of the Freudian fallacies concerning female sexuality. Let us now assume it to be established that there is no differentiation between a clitoral and vaginal orgasm; that the myth of women's relative asexuality has been shown to be a biological absurdity; and that women's sexuality has been suppressed through a socialization of gender roles that urges passivity and submission to men. Liberation group discussions of these points can be enormously helpful for the psychological release of the submerged sexual selves of many women. But one must also reckon with the fact that

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the Masters-Johnson research only illuminates the *physiological* dimension of human sexuality. It tells us nothing about the nonsexual components of human sexual behavior. Critiques of Freud's notions of female sexuality are now commonplace, but I have seen little as yet that suggests an alternative developmental theory, with the exception of recent work by John Gagnon and William Simon. I would suggest that more critical attention should be paid to two factors bearing upon sexual behavior in American society. One is the view that sex is an intense high-pressure drive that constrains the individual to seek sexual gratification either directly or indirectly. This view is apparent not only in psychoanalytic but in sociological literature as well. Kingsley Davis, for example, considers sex a high-intensity, social constant that must be channeled lest it find expression in behavior that threatens the maintenance of collective life. Part of the Freudian legacy, however, is that we have become extremely adept at weeding out the sexual ingredient in many forms of nonsexual behavior and symbolism while rarely engaging in what may be an equally fruitful analysis: an examination of sexual behavior as an agency for expressing nonsexual motives.

For in truth, sexual behavior in American society serves not merely sexual needs, but also power and status needs compensating for a lack of gratification in other areas of life. A further complication is the pressure on American adults to remain pegged at an adolescent stage of development and behavior. A man or woman of 45 is not the same person as a 20-year-old, and to perform sexually as if they were is to require that the man overperform sexually and that the woman persist in a girlish style that is equally inappropriate to her stage of sexual and social maturity. In the case of men, overperformance can be stoked by extra-marital adventures or self-stimulation via pornographic literature or dramatic productions. Men are good at such detached self-stimulation since they learn sexuality in part through masturbation, which itself paves the way for a greater detachment in the sexual act than women tend to have. It may also be the case that marital satisfaction and happiness decline with duration of marriage in American society largely because adults are expected to perform at 40 or 50 as they did at 20 or 25. This is a reflection of what Henry Murray has described as the retarded adolescent stage of development of American society. If, as a culture, we could move in the direction of mature interdependence between individuals, across social classes, religious, racial, and sexual lines, to say nothing of national boundaries, we might come to develop what Kenneth Boulding has described as "reconciling styles" in which we take primary pleasure in life from identifying with the process of change itself: watching and taking pleasure from our own individual growth and change, and the growth and change of our friends, spouses, and children.

What has this to do with the women's movement in the 1970s? I think we should be prepared for intense masculine backlash to the demands women make that are rooted not merely in the specific area of work or home management or parental responsibility, but in displacements from a deeper level. Demands for equality for women are threats to men's self-esteem and sense of sexual turf. Some feminists will say, fine and good: men have been our oppressors long enough, now they must give ground. But most women do not wish to live embattled and manless lives, and my impression is there are far more men in the younger generation than there were in my own who are eager to acquire a new life style, a gentler and more meaningful relationship with women. There is much need for research and sober analysis on the social correlates of varying styles of sexual behavior; following that, a great need for a rather different conception of sex education than anything we have seen in school curricula or gymnastic sex manuals to date.

Some women who have recently been ac-

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tive in women's caucuses in professional associations have begun to compare notes on the responses their demands are eliciting from male colleagues. One of the more interesting hypotheses emerging from these comparisons is that the men most resistant to and in some cases almost hysterical about women's pressure for equal treatment are men known to be sexually exploitative in their relations to women students. One such professor whose feathers were decidedly ruffled when the sociology women's caucus displaced a luncheon meeting he was to speak at, complained prettily, with an expectation that it would flatter rather than anger me: "But Alice, what is all the fuss about? There is always room in graduate departments for an extraordinary woman!" It was beyond his ability or willingness to understand that sex equality in academia would not be achieved until there was room for as many "average" women as for "average" men. Some of my caucus colleagues believe that, beneath the surface, men such as this are not able to relate to a woman colleague at the same or higher status rank and feel comfortable only in superordinate positions from which they can dispense professorial and sexual favors.

The male backlash is bound to come, and there are signs of it already. A male friend of mine recently sent me a xeroxed copy of a letter of recommendation to the chairman of his department. The applicant is an unmarried woman who had taught in the writer's department and taken graduate courses with him. He wrote:

> When Miss X arrived she was somewhat lacking in self-confidence, uncertain whether there was a place for her in sociology. Now she recognizes that she can, as a female, contribute to the field without becoming a spinster or a swinger. I say this to emphasize that she is a mature person not swayed by the superficial values so evident on campuses today. In short, she is not a participant in the women's liberation movement but a competent sociologist. . . . She is neither seductive nor emasculating and will be a useful colleague.

I cite such examples to point out that we must have thick skins—at least as thick as those of our grandmothers in the suffrage, union, and socialist movements of an earlier day. We shall need every bit of sex solidarity we can get.

Women's Rights Organizations

EVERYONE KNOWS there has already been a good deal of factionalism within the larger women's movement. We have WITCH, WEAL, Radical Feminists, FEW, NOW, WRAP, and there are undoubtedly more to come. Listening to men, one senses a gleeful pleasure at seeing such sectarianism; many wishfully view this as a dissipation of effort in a noisy fizzle. But this need not be true so long as those who form a new group do not concentrate on fruitless attacks upon the group they left or on styles of protest directed mainly at getting attention from the press. Diversity within a movement can be a strength, for there is no one problem or one solution. Certain women's liberation groups may be trying to recruit for a political revolutionary movement yet find some of their members graduating from consciousness-raising group sessions to affiliation with a NOW chapter. In turn, many NOW chapters have lost members to the liberation groups. Women lawyers have on occasion separated from the more diffuse organizations, the better to focus on campaigns making greater use of their skills. Other groups may concentrate on demonstrations protesting sex imagery in the media or beauty pageants. There is far more risk in frantically dissipating one's efforts by doing a great variety of things than in organizational splitting.

Let me end with a comment concerning the relationship between the women's rights movement and the movements of black Americans. There is a serious danger that the essentially middle-class and white women's groups will be as guilty of misunderstanding the problems confronting black men and women today as an earlier counterpart in the middle-class suffrage movement

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of the 19th century misunderstood the political efforts of working-class people.

In recent years, many women in the women's rights movement have taken up with great moral righteousness the task of informing black women that they should avoid the trap of moving through the same series of mistakes that middle-class women were subjected to in the past. A conference on women last February at Cornell culminated in a dramatic session on the black woman in America, in which the largely middle-class white audience hissed black women and men on a panel who spoke of the need for black women to give attention to the black man and his position in the community, to be supportive of their men's struggle for greater self-esteem and dignity. Renee Neblett of the Boston Black Panthers defined the black woman as a strong person who can act independently and make decisions but, most important of all, a woman with an ability to relate to men, one who would do anything to help her man retain or regain his manhood and insure the survival of her people.

In reading the transcript of this session, I felt anger and shame that the middle-class women in the audience had not appreciated the difference in the positions of the sexes among whites and blacks. John Dollard's description of caste in a Southern town is as relevant today as three decades ago, when he pointed out that within the white caste the man is in the superior position, and within the black caste the woman is more often in the superior position. If black women, largely poor but still more advantageously placed than black men, have the humanity and dignity to help raise the self-esteem of their men—to realize, as one of my black students put it, that the black female is no better than her man despite a history of educational and economic superiority—then this is a great tribute to black women in America that unfortunately is not matched by a comparable dedication on the part of white men toward their women.

Nor do we sufficiently realize the continuing relevance of class differences in the ways a problem is perceived and experienced. Abraham Maslow's need hierarchy thesis is helpful, for it suggests that middle-class women, whose physical needs for food, clothing, shelter, and sheer security of person are relatively assured, are free to concentrate on a higher level of need. A working-class person or group cannot indulge in such luxury until needs for survival and security are met. I think, therefore, that right now the middle-class women's rights movement can find a collaborative arrangement with black women only on such bread-and-butter issues as protecting and expanding economic and political rights. Beyond this, the white women's movement should try to deepen its understanding of the differences between their relations to men and those of black women. Before giving advice, one must understand. Listen, for example, to a black poet's phrasing of the issue:

blackwoman
is an
in and out
rightsideup
action-image
of her man . . .
in other
(blacker) words;
She's together,
if
he
bes.

—Don Lee

What white poet has yet said of a man, "he's together if she is."

Despite the optimists in our midst, or the pessimists who anticipate revolution in the streets—after which, of course, a magical transformation would follow—I think we are in for a long and hard battle—cultural, legal, and political—before we reach any goal of sex equality for black or white in this nation. It will be won not by quickie-action skirmishes but by the persistent beat of the hearts and work of the minds of at least another generation.

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Vladimir Dedijer

The Battle Stalin Lost

Few writers have had so notable an opportunity directly to observe major historical events as has Vladimir Dedijer, Director of Information in the Tito government at the time the Yugoslavs defied Stalin. Dedijer was a close witness of the first major fissure within the post-World War II Communist movement: the refusal of the Yugoslav regime to obey Stalin's edicts.

In The Battle Stalin Lost, Memoirs of Yugoslavia, 1948–1953, *copyright © 1970 by Vladimir Dedijer, the author has written his personal account of these events. We print below three sections of the book with the kind permission of Viking Press, which will be publishing it in early 1971.*

I *Why Didn't Tito Go to Bucharest?*

WHY DID STALIN, and Stalinism as a system, not only demand death for heretics but also insist on forcing the rebel to undergo self-criticism or (better still) to kill his own conscience?

This problem, which had been haunting me, came to mind again on May 19, 1948, when a youthful-looking fellow by the name of Meshetov, from the Central Committee of the CPSU, came to Belgrade bearing a letter signed by Suslov demanding that a delegation of the Yugoslav Central Committee attend the next Cominform meeting. They wanted Tito personally to attend. Yudin spread rumors that the meeting would be held in the Ukraine and that Stalin would be coming.

Discussions began in the Central Committee the next day as to whether a delegation should go. The majority was opposed. It was clear that there was to be no discussion of the Yugoslav situation; what was wanted was capitulation—confession of guilt. Here and there a contrary opinion could be heard to the effect that "the gravity of the unfounded charges, even the most horrible and most monstrous accusations against us, could not justify our absenting ourselves," that "a plan was in the making which we would not perhaps perceive clearly from our vantage point." But these opinions could not prevail. Some of the older comrades recalled that the youthful-looking Meshetov had participated in the liquidation of Yugoslav Communists in Moscow in 1937–38: this probably did not bode well for us at the Cominform meeting. The Central Committee unanimously decided not to go.

Back then, in the spring of 1948, I could not answer the question why Stalin demanded that the heretics kill their own consciences before being physically liquidated. In 1949, during the trials in Hungary and other East European countries, it was clear that they all followed the same pattern: like the old Bolsheviks at the Russian trials in 1936–38, the accused admitted their "errors," criticized themselves, and confessed to being foreign spies. After having thus disgraced themselves, they got death sentences for their pains. Was it in the theological

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seminary that Stalin had learned that heretics must be forced to disavow formally and publicly their sacrilegious thoughts before giving up their souls, or was this some sinister remnant of Byzantine civilization, where the emperor had been the repository of secular power and the sole true interpreter and defender of the faith?

It was a fact that Stalin did his utmost to make Tito and other Yugoslav leaders come to the Cominform meeting. When he got a clear and unequivocal refusal from the Yugoslav Central Committee, the Russians sent another letter (on May 22) in which, allegedly at the request of the "Czechoslovak and Hungarian comrades," they postponed the Cominform meeting for a month, to late June—a move to gain time. In the meantime Gomulka appealed to the Yugoslavs to attend, and proposed that he and Berman, one of the leaders of the Polish Party, come to Belgrade to talk things over.

What happened meanwhile in the editorial offices of *For Lasting Peace, For People's Democracy* convinced those still undecided of the futility of attending the Cominform meeting. On June 7 the Yugoslav Central Committee inquired of Yudin why his Cominform paper systematically refused to publish news or articles about the development of socialism in Yugoslavia. It demanded that Yudin publish in the next issue a report on the tremendous response of the Yugoslav people to the convening of the Party's Fifth Congress, and an article on the significance of that congress, written in the spirit of a *Borba* editorial of June 5.

Yudin called together the members of the editorial board, read them our letter, and commented briefly: the Central Committee, he said, should be grateful to the Cominform for having restricted itself to indirect criticism. The Yugoslav argument that the paper was using the letters of Stalin and Molotov for attacks on our Party he described as an "impermissible demand for the editorial board to renounce Stalin." The Yugoslav letter, in short, was the epitome of non-Communist and non-Marxist behavior.

Like a well-trained chorus, all the non-Yugoslav editors agreed. The only exception was the Italian representative, who even stressed how grateful the Italian Party was to the Yugoslav Party and how both had solved many grave problems in agreement. But at the end he sided with Yudin, who took the floor once again and concluded by saying loudly, "We are here to pledge our loyalty to Stalin!"

A few days later Yudin and all the editors left Belgrade. Their departure was described in a confidential report received by the Yugoslav Central Committee: "The Russian employees literally bought up everything they could in the special diplomats' shops, . . . everything they could lay their hands on. They even packed up things that did not belong to the editorial offices (rugs, telephones, etc.). They stole from each other —wrist watches, wall clocks, and so on."

Tito's best friends among European Communist leaders were first Dimitrov and then Wilhelm Pieck. In 1938, when the Yugoslav Party was about to be banned by Moscow, Dimitrov and Pieck advised against it, and Pieck had protected Tito from direct persecution in the Russian capital. After 1945 Tito kept up a close relationship with Pieck. Early in 1948 he sent him four volumes of his collected works, bound in red leather and inscribed, in Russian, "to a great scholar on Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, W. Pieck—Tito." The books were presented to Pieck at a ceremony in the Yugoslav military mission in East Berlin, also attended by other East German Communists, including Walter Ulbricht.

But then came Stalin's letters. One day Pieck sent an urgent message through our military mission that he wanted to meet with Tito immediately. (He personally told the Yugoslav representative in East Berlin that in the Comintern before World War II he had been in charge of the Balkans and that it was at his suggestion that Tito had been

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sent to Yugoslavia in 1937 as secretary-general of the CPY.) Sofia, he thought, would be the best place for the meeting; Dimitrov would have nothing against it, as he too was a good friend of Tito's.

Tito replied the same day, saying the pressure of business prevented him from leaving Belgrade. But Pieck continued to press for the meeting. Another message came to Belgrade: Pieck realized Tito was busy, but it was imperative for them to meet, at least on the Bulgarian-Yugoslav boundary. Pieck would come to Belgrade personally, but his own situation was complicated by his Party's coalition with the social democrats: he might be accused of going to Belgrade in response to directives, Belgrade being the headquarters of the Cominform. The Yugoslav reply explained that Tito was not refusing to meet Pieck, but stressed that Pieck should come to Belgrade. Pieck stuck to his guns, saying he could not, for the reasons given. And so Pieck's initiative fell through. Whether it *was* his initiative will be learned when the relevant documents from Berlin and Moscow are published.

Stalin had still not given up hope that the Yugoslavs would come to the Cominform meeting. On June 19 a telegram arrived as follows:

> To the Central Committee of the CPY:
>
> The Communist Information Bureau, convened to discuss the situation in the Communist Party of Yugoslavia, invites representatives of the Central Committee to participate in the work of the Cominform.
>
> In case of your concurrence, the Cominform will expect your representatives not later than June 21 in Bucharest where they should report to Comrade Gheorghiu-Dej at the Central Committee of the Rumanian Workers' Party for instructions on how to reach the place where the Cominform will sit in session.
>
> We expect an urgent reply through Filipov—Moscow.
>
> *The Cominform*

Moscow left open a special radio connection for 23 hours for the reply to this telegram. The connection was extended to 11 A.M. on June 20, when the Yugoslav answer was relayed. Once again the Yugoslavs set forth the reasons why they would not take part in the Bucharest meeting, stressing that discussion on a basis of equality would be impossible, and that the entire meeting was at variance with the spirit of the agreement and the principle of voluntariness on which the Cominform was based.

Two days later Moša Pijade and I went to see Tito. Pijade referred to the tragic fate of the Politburo of the Central Committee of the Ukrainian Communist party, headed by Kosijer, which had been invited to a "comradely consultation" in Moscow in 1937. They all ended up with bullets in their heads. Tito asked me what I thought about going to Bucharest. I replied: "The Bishop-Governor Juraj Drašković has prepared the stake and the iron crown, but this time Matija Gubec * will not appear."

II *Marshal Voroshilov Repents*

MAN FEELS THE FULL IMPACT of evil when it strikes him personally. I have been persuaded of this on several occasions, one of them my trip to attend the U.N. session in New York in 1949. At a station near Cherbourg, where we were to embark on the *Queen Elizabeth,* I got off the boat train to buy a newspaper. In it was a report of the indictment of László Rajk.

Our whole delegation was on that train: Kardelj, Djilas, Bebler, Veljko Mičunović, Milan Bartoš, Janez Stanovnik, and others. We started to talk about the article. How could Stalin have fallen so low as to use such base methods, fabricate such monstrous lies? Someone—I no longer remember who—said, "Now I understand how the old

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* Matija Gubec was the leader of a 15th-century peasant uprising against the feudal lords in Croatia and Slovenia. After a decisive battle at Stubica, near Tito's village, Gubec was captured and executed.

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Bolsheviks must have felt during the purge trials in 1936–38."

I remembered a most instructive folk tale about a priest and the plague. The terrible disease had struck at a certain village, carrying away a number of souls each day. The people bewailed their fate to the priest, who told them, "People are dying here and there, but the village remains." When the plague struck his own wife, he fled into the street wailing, "Help, the whole village is dying."

Although I had not been a Party member during the Moscow trials, I could not help linking up the truth about Stalinism in 1935–38 with the truth in 1949, when Stalin "started his mass export of gallows," as Moša Pijade put it in one of his articles. And I was tortured by the same thoughts one summer day in 1962 when I was studying the Trotsky papers in the Houghton Library at Harvard University. What I was looking for was material on his ties, if any, with the Young Bosnians and other secret youth organizations in the years before 1914, when he had spent some time in the Balkans. But I could not resist looking over his archives from later years after he had been expelled from Russia, especially those of 1936–38.

Trotsky received *Pravda* regularly, and his copies dealing with the trials and the accusations that he was an imperialist spy caught my eye. He had read and underlined every second or third line with a red pencil. His discomposure is evident from the fact that the red pencil seems frequently to have broken, leaving only a deep indentation on the paper; he must have been pressing very hard.

I have not changed my views that Trotsky's doctrine was very authoritarian: he was the first in Russia to create an efficient state machine, the backbone of the later bureaucracy. But that summer day in the Houghton Library I grasped the full weight of Stalin's crimes against the old guard of Bolsheviks and Trotsky himself, who was tracked down in Mexico in 1940 and slain in cold blood.

I started to link up the purges in the U.S.S.R., which began in December 1934 with the murder of the old Bolshevik Sergei Mironovich Kirov, secretary of the Leningrad Regional Committtee and member of the Politburo, with the purges in the East European countries in 1949. (According to some sources, Stalin had Kirov killed so as to create the pogrom-like atmosphere needed for executing his infernal plan of murdering revolutionaries in the U.S.S.R. en masse.) For the indictments authored by Vyshinski in 1936–38 clearly served as a model for the trials in Budapest, Sofia, and Prague in 1949–52. The methods were the same: interrogation of the accused, their "softening up" before the trial, their "confession" of everything they were supposed to confess.

In 1969 I spent New Year's Day reading materials from the trials of Rajk, Kostov, and the Czechs Slansky and Klementis. I was deeply immersed in them, and my head spun with the horror of it all. Just then the Bosnian writer Rodoljub Čolaković, an old revolutionary, sent me the second volume of his book *The Story of a Generation,* covering the period from early 1933 to the end of 1936, during which Čolaković spent much time in the Soviet Union. He was there when Kirov was killed, and in his book writes of the slaughters which followed when so many lost their lives, including Yugoslav revolutionaries who had fled the terror in their own country.

It was a long time since I had devoured a book as I did Čolaković's, so strongly imbued as it was with a sense of truth and justice. How warmhearted were his descriptions of meetings with the Russian man in the street! How he loved him, how he loved Russia, and how he admired the Russians' great effort to put an end to their historical backwardness, foster industrialization, and raise human relationships to a higher level! Openly and honestly, Čolaković squares accounts with Stalinism, its murder of the human soul, its slaughter of the human body. Expressing his pain at the loss of one of our

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most admirable revolutionaries, Rade Vujović, Čolaković exclaims: "Stalin killed more good Communists than the bourgeoisie of the whole world put together."

No calculation has yet been made of how many people were killed in the purges in Eastern Europe, or how many were cast into prisons and camps between 1948 and 1953. (In Czechoslovakia the number of arrested ran into tens of thousands.) Only with the period of rehabilitation after Stalin's death did we begin to learn more about this ghastly period.

Traiche Kostov was rehabilitated on April 11, 1956, when Todor Zhivkov, first secretary of the Communist party of Bulgaria, stated at a meeting of Sofia Party members that the accusations against Yugoslavia and the Yugoslav leaders made at Kostov's trial had been unfounded.

Two weeks earlier, in Hungary, Rakosi had declared that a Supreme Court investigation had shown the accusations against Rajk to be "fabricated." Rajk's solemn public rehabilitation took place on October 7, when the victims were buried with ceremonies in the presence of Hungarian dignitaries—a strange bit of hypocrisy. Deputy Premier Antal Apró spoke:

> Never have we had a more tragic duty than this one, as we rehabilitate our dead comrades whom we cannot resurrect. We regret profoundly that we believed in the malicious slanders which took these comrades to their martyrdom. All those to blame for their deaths will be held responsible for their misdeeds. Never again will such a grisly thing be allowed to happen.

In Czechoslovakia rehabilitations were slow in coming. Novotny agreed only to revoke the accusation that Slansky and Klementis were Yugoslav agents. It was not until after his demise in January 1968 that the rehabilitation process got under way—only to be interrupted by the Soviet invasion in August.

No one can make the dead rise again. But Stalin's purges also destroyed many lives they did not kill outright. In his book *The Life of Josip Broz,* Vilko Vinterhalter has described how various high-ranking Soviet functionaries repented what they had said and done, at Stalin's orders, against Yugoslavia between 1948 and 1953.

Marshal Voroshilov had been highly respected by the Yugoslav partisans. A hero of the Russian Revolution and civil war, his name was even woven into a song from the villages of Montenegro sung when fateful battles were being fought on the Eastern Front:

> Three marshals
> On three fronts
> All three sworn
> To strangle capitalists
> Voroshilov in the north
> Destroys Hitler's bands.

But when Stalin launched his campaign against Yugoslavia, Voroshilov was sent from one East European country to another to say the cruelest things about Yugoslavia. For instance, on August 22, 1949, in Budapest:

> How sad is the fate of the present leaders of Yugoslavia who have fled from the camp of socialism and democracy to the camp of capitalism and reaction. These traitors to socialism are restoring the capitalist system in their country, liquidating the democratic achievements of the Yugoslav people, and introducing bloody fascist terror.

Stalin died in 1953, and in the summer of 1955 Khrushchev and Bulganin arrived in Belgrade to repent of their deeds. A year later Tito went to Moscow, and Voroshilov was among the first to greet him: "In greeting you, Comrade Tito, the Soviet people greet friendly Yugoslavia and the peoples of your country, to whom the working people of the U.S.S.R. are bound by firm and strong friendship."

At dinner the old Marshal wept: "What a dunce I am. What stupidities I had to mouth at Stalin's orders! How ashamed I am! Forgive me, please."

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III Dimitrov and Stalin

EVER SINCE THE STRUGGLE for liberation and self-determination began in the modern history of the south Slavs, the most progressive elements in the south Slav countries have dreamed of a federation incorporating all the Slav peoples in this part of Europe.

From Austria-Hungary to Czarist Russia, the big powers bitterly opposed this policy and did everything they could to disunite the south Slav peoples so that such a federated state would never be formed. They often drew support from the dynastic and other conservative circles in each of the states concerned. Stalin, too, toward the end of World War II and immediately thereafter, applied the same method: divide and conquer. But in Yugoslavia and Bulgaria as well, there were strong forces headed by Tito and Dimitrov who wanted to create a south Slav federation.

Even during World War I, Georgi Dimitrov, as a socialist deputy in the Sobranie, protested against the savagery of the Bulgarian soldiers in occupied Serbia—particularly in Toplica, where tens of thousands were put to death after the uprising of 1916. In 1923 he had to emigrate to Yugoslavia; when he came he was met in Niš by Serbian Communists. Also waiting for him at the Niš railway station were the bishop and clergy of the city, who came to thank him for the help he had given the Serbian people in the war.

Later, as a high-ranking functionary in the Comintern, Dimitrov helped put relations between Bulgaria and Yugoslavia on firmer foundations. Stalin, however, did not find this to his liking. A letter which Moša Pijade wrote me about his meetings with Stalin showed this clearly:

> I came into contact with Stalin only twice, and that within a span of three days in January 1945, when I was in Moscow as the head of the Yugoslav delegation preparing, together with the Bulgarian delegation, the final text of a treaty on Yugoslav-Bulgarian federation. . . . Stalin, during a visit both delegations paid him at the Kremlin, had supported the Bulgarian thesis of a dualistic federation—a federation in which Bulgaria would not be just one of seven south Slav republics, but one in which all six other republics would make up one unit and Bulgaria the other. . . . Although I was then completely under the influence of Stalin's authority and found it highly embarrassing to oppose him, I outlined my differing viewpoint briefly.
>
> When we went to Stalin's for dinner two days later, he brought up the matter again, but now took the view that Bulgaria should be one of seven federal units. None of the Bulgarians dared go back to the idea of the dualistic federation, and I had no further reason to intervene.
>
> Our first visit had been a courtesy visit, and I think it did not last more than a quarter of an hour. We stood the whole time, and the discussion about the federation was limited to only a few sentences exchanged by Stalin, Dimitrov, and myself.
>
> At the second dinner two days later (at which we were served, among other things, an enormous frozen Siberian fish) we drank wine from liqueur glasses—a good thing in view of the Russian habit of giving one toast after another. This was a consequence of the dinner that had been held the previous evening for our economic delegation, headed by Andrija Hebrang, at which they had drunk from normal glasses with disastrous results. The host evidently thought it would be a bit much to repeat the drinking party of the night before. There were other Russians at the table: Malenkov, Bulganin, Vyshinski, Beria, and others.
>
> During dinner we talked of all manner of things, even about various foods and beverages. Stalin asked the Bulgarian minister Yugov if the Bulgarians had good brandy. Stalin then rose from the table saying that as a matter of fact he had some Bulgarian brandy, which made the Bulgarian delegates, especially Yugov, very happy. Stalin left the room and in a moment returned with a few bottles. He showed us one, then another; they were not Bulgarian. Then he showed Yugov the third one; the label was Bulgarian, and Yugov melted with satisfaction —but only briefly, for Stalin asked, "Is it

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really Bulgarian or did you steal it from Yugoslavia?" Yugov's smile froze on his face, and I did not laugh at the embarrassing joke.

Later I felt even more embarrassed when Stalin insulted Dimitrov. Leaving the bottles on the table, Stalin drew his chair up to Dimitrov, who was sitting on my right. He started telling Dimitrov that at the next elections for the Sobranie some people from the opposition should be elected, and even if there were none, they should have about 20 fascists in the Sobranie as an opposition.

Some sort of short circuit occurred between them. Stalin repeated this three times, but Dimitrov kept on saying that Bulgaria had a Fatherland Front congress, probably meaning that an opposition was therefore unnecessary. I wondered why Dimitrov did not say something more relevant to Stalin's suggestion. An unpleasant smile was probably playing on my lips, for Stalin roughly said to Dimitrov, "You don't understand anything. Look at that one there, he understands!" and he pointed to me.

Dimitrov turned and saw he meant me. He blushed deeply, and I think he could see from my face how embarrassing I found the insult to him. It was something new to me to see a man as important as Dimitrov treated that way.

I don't know why Stalin referred to me several times that evening as Metternich, and then a few times as Talleyrand. He said nothing to explain the allusion and it was not clear to me, as we had spoken of nothing else until then except the few sentences about the federation with Bulgaria.

IN ANY CASE, of all the statesmen in the East European countries, Georgi Dimitrov was the most outspoken in opposition to Stalin's hegemonistic methods, as applied not only to Yugoslavia but to his own homeland as well. He made this very evident both before the eruption of the Moscow-Belgrade conflict and after. Right up to his death, Soviet agents completely isolated him among the Bulgarians.

There is ample evidence of this. Josip Djerdja, the Yugoslav representative in the Security Council Inquiry Commission for the Balkans, went to visit Dimitrov in Sofia while the commission was there. Dimitrov received him cordially. Djerdja started talking through an interpreter, but Dimitrov exclaimed, "There is no need for interpreters between Serbs and Bulgarians. If anyone can get along without them, we can."

Djerdja presented Dimitrov with Tito's idea that the Yugoslav and Bulgarian delegations should adopt a uniform position on the Macedonian question before the Inquiry Commission, and Dimitrov agreed without hesitation. He told his secretary to call the Bulgarian delegates, then asked Djerdja to repeat his proposal to them. After Djerdja had done so, Dimitrov said: "On the Macedonian question and on all other questions, before the commission and elsewhere, the Bulgarians must keep in step with the Yugoslavs on everything, but a little more quietly, on a slightly lower key, as the prestige and moral right of the Yugoslavs justify their pre-eminence, whereas we, as a defeated country, are in a different position."

Various members of the Central Committee joined them—Traiche Kostov, Minche Neychev, Damyanov, Chervenkov. Dimitrov asked Neychev, who was then Minister of Education, if the university decree was ready. Neychev replied that it wasn't, that he was having trouble with certain formulations, and so on. Bitterly, while looking at me, Dimitrov said:

> There, you see how things are going in this country? For years I've been telling them not to do things the wrong way. They want to copy Soviet decrees and achievements, and naturally these things cannot be transferred to our country because the difference between us is too great, even if it were otherwise possible. We have the experience of our comrades across the border; they are considerably ahead of us already, but not so much that we could not take advantage of their experience, all the more so as other conditions are similar. But it is all in vain, these people of mine will not listen, they simply will not.

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Even after the first hostile letters were exchanged between Moscow and Belgrade, Dimitrov continued to support the Yugoslav Central Committee. On April 19, 1948, he passed through Belgrade on his way to Prague. Waiting at the station to greet him (on instructions from the Central Committee) was Milovan Djilas:

> I found Dimitrov in a parlor car at the Topčider railway station in Belgrade. The only persons in the car were Dimitrov, myself, and another Bulgarian whose name I cannot divulge for obvious reasons. Dimitrov told me he knew about the letter of the Central Committee of the CPSU and that some of the things in it were accurate. Then he gripped me by the arm and said, "Be firm!"
>
> I told him that Yugoslavs were well equipped to do so and asked him what they were going to do. He told me that the main thing was for us to stand firm, and the rest would resolve itself.

When Stalin's second letter arrived and the conflict intensified, Dimitrov found an opportunity to demonstrate his sympathies for the Yugoslavs. On May 25, Tito's birthday, none of the Soviet or other East European leaders sent Tito the customary good wishes—except Dimitrov, from whom a telegram arrived with "Fraternal greetings and best wishes for your birthday." (He also appointed a young Bulgarian to deliver a relay-race baton to Tito in the name of Bulgarian youth!)

And when the gallows were being prepared in Bucharest, when Tito was getting urgent summonses from Moscow, Dimitrov again did not fail to support us. When, on *his* birthday, June 17, 1948, one member of a Yugoslav youth delegation in Sofia greeted Dimitrov and delivered a gift to him from the Yugoslav youth, Dimitrov, visibly excited, embraced him and declared that he was happy to embrace a "representative of the young people living under Tito."

Dimitrov was seriously ill and the pro-Stalinists surrounding him took advantage of this. After the Cominform resolution Dimitrov was silent for a long time, but on December 25, at the Fifth Congress of the Bulgarian Party, he inserted a few sentences against the Yugoslavs in his remarks. A few months later, he was taken to Russia for medical treatment, although the medical services of his own country were excellent. He died on July 2, 1949. *Borba* and some of our other newspapers hinted that he had been poisoned. History must have its say on the matter.

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T. R. Fyvel

The Dismissal of British Labour

A Political Letter from London

THE NIGHT WE LEARNED last June that the Labour party had been defeated, I tried to solve the puzzle of this unexpected slap in the face. It was, I thought, for two basic reasons. In today's consumer society, what the working-class voters wanted from their leaders was not more socialism but more affluence. Moreover, the organized workers were sometimes revolutionary but unlike their leaders almost never liberal, so that Labour's main achievement in liberalizing British society interested them little, if at all. On the whole, I now think these first reactions were broadly correct.

One has always to remember that when Harold Wilson won his narrow electoral victory in November 1964, it was at a harsh stage in the cruelly slow British readjustment to having lost an empire but not found a role. Like Churchill during the war, so the first postwar Labour government had still acted on the world stage, as in Attlee's role in self-government for India, Ernest Bevin's in the creation of Nato, and in the stirring international appeal of Aneurin Bevan's National Health Service and other welfare-state innovations. By 1964, however, these had become dated and Britain's whole status uncertain. The once empire-cushioned British economy needed urgent overhaul. It had become clear that at least part of the vast sums Britain had invested abroad, which had helped to create trading centers like Hong Kong, Singapore, and Johannesburg, should have been invested in Britain's neglected home industries, which as a result were often undercapitalized and antiquated compared to the brand-new plants of German, Japanese, Swedish, or Swiss competitors. Now the need in British industry was to cut loose from reliance on captive imperial markets and from that entire amateur tradition, which had for so long provided titled nonentities with directorships in Britain's blue-chip firms.

Modernization was needed above all to end the "stop-go" seesaw in British economic policy since the war. The cause of it was that whenever the British economy grew, lack of industrial competitiveness caused it to suck in imports on such a growing scale that the country's balance of international payments, and so the pound, were put in danger. To avert this, sharp deflationary measures were introduced.

But if these did the trick of preventing an immediate financial crisis, by also forcing cuts in industrial modernization, they caused British industrial competitiveness to slip still further behind, so that the next "go" phase of reflation of the economy brought still larger imports and so monotonously renewed financial crisis and another "stop." The Conservative governments during their 13 years of sunshine propaganda had largely swept these problems under the rug. In an article called "The Culture of Inflation," which I wrote around 1960 for the Labour monthly *Socialist Commentary,* I reflected that Britain possessed the largest advertising industry in Europe, enjoining citizens to buy, buy; the most militant trade unions, pushing up wages and so purchasing power; and a leisurely tradition of amateurism from top to bottom in industry, which prevented a rapid increase in productivity from mopping up this extra purchasing power. I felt that these three clashing trends in Britain could not coexist indefinitely. I personally saw no answer. Still, one can say that the novel phenomenon

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of inflation in a stagnant economy, familiar to Americans, was already discernible in Britain at the end of the Conservative years.

I HAVE SPELLED THIS OUT in detail, because in evaluating the Labour government, the point is that it was not an abstract Britain ready for socialism but a somewhat antiquated and leaky firm whose management Harold Wilson and his colleagues, as it were, took over in November 1964. Wilson's initial difficulty was that his parliamentary majority over the combined Conservatives and Liberals was only a precarious four. A second problem was the bloc of 50 or so Labour MPs of the incurably romantic Left, in whose doublethink the mere term "socialism" signified a panacea, Soviet Russia was allegedly Britain's friend, and colored immigration something that progressive British workers welcomed. The real preference of these left-wingers, to my mind, was for permanent opposition; but since in theory they could always bring the government down, Wilson had continuously to bamboozle them with socialist phrases. He placated them effectively, but at the cost of constant confusion about his real policies. I think he often even confused himself.

Of course, Wilson also started Labour's rule with several pluses. As against industrial weakness, there was the asset of the City of London, second only to New York as a center of finance, banking, and insurance and keeping pace with the growth of world trade —though, of course, the operations of the City did not go well with too much militant socialist talk, as Wilson also knew. The second plus was his own political dexterity. By training a statistical economist, gifted with a fabulous memory, Wilson emerged as the most adroit radical party leader since Lloyd George, never at a loss for telling repartee or self-advertisement or both. That he was no statesman emerged only gradually. He also had what looked like an attractive cabinet, where trade unionists like Jim Callaghan and George Brown were flanked by no less than ten Oxford men and one Oxford woman, Barbara Castle. If some Labour veterans grumbled about this middle-class academic bias, a shared background gave these ministers a cohesion unusual in a Labour cabinet.

Although the election victory had been narrow, it seemed further that particularly the younger electorate was thoroughly tired of Conservative rule. The promise was that the Labour government would modernize British industry; technology would come to the fore. Bypassing the financial stranglehold of the Treasury officials, a new Department of Economic Affairs would plan the long-term expansion of the economy. Further nationalization—no, there would not be much more of that! But Labour promised to end privilege in education, to humanize social welfare. And in foreign affairs, thanks to Labour's greater understanding of Soviet Russia and its closer relations with the Commonwealth as well as with the U.S. and other Nato allies, Britain would resume her proper role of providing moral leadership.

Rash promises! Given a British trading deficit for 1964 of £600 million, there was nothing like Wilson's public-relations announcement of a first 100 days (sic) of bold socialist measures to startle Britain's financial creditors and start a new crisis for the pound. In the eyes of the Zurich bankers, the impression of Labour amateurism was not lessened by the appointment of two fashionable ex-Hungarian left-wing economists, professors Balogh and Kaldor, as special advisers to the government; nor by the revelation that the vaunted Ministry of Technology was to be headed by Frank Cousins, a trade-union leader given to incoherent speeches, aided by, of all people, the novelist Lord Snow, who was known to be in bad health.

Minor disasters of inexperience followed quickly. To stop the run on the pound, the government, in panic, clapped a surcharge on imports without consulting its trading partners: not even Anthony Crosland's most

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soothing words at the Council of Europe in Strasbourg satisfied the angry Europeans. Crosland had gone there because Wilson's Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker had been unexpectedly defeated in the general election by a racist candidate. At a subsequently arranged by-election, the spectacle was repeated and Gordon Walker disappeared from view. But the racist upsurge went further. In opposition, Labour had thundered against Conservative curtailment of Commonwealth immigration from the West Indies, India, and Pakistan. In office, Wilson was, it seemed, bombarded from every Labour-dominated local authority, health and education board, to restrict colored immigration certificates still further, which the government promptly did, and thereby acquired a Commonwealth image of "meanness." Worse, when the ruling white-settler minority in Rhodesia unilaterally declared its independence, short of sending in a fair-sized military force, which his Service chiefs advised against, Wilson could only try to regain British authority by talk. And in two absurdly overpublicized personal meetings on board a British warship he failed utterly to persuade the Rhodesian rebel Premier, Ian Smith, to return to the anti-racist fold. Now the Labour government looked impotent abroad as well as mean!

It was precisely after this disastrous beginning, when Wilson had seemed unable not to fall over his own feet, that one's respect for his remarkable powers of recovery grew. He hung on in spite of his tiny parliamentary majority; he encouraged despondent ministers; he toured the country with fighting speeches on modernization; and, above all, he sensed that the popular tide was still running against Toryism. In spring 1966, in another general election, he campaigned brilliantly. Labour swept home with a thumping majority in Parliament of nearly 100.

Almost within weeks, Wilson's seesaw drama took another turn. He had set off for Moscow on another needless personal trip, a Wilsonian P.R. job, when a new crisis started a run on the pound, this time so massive that it was only halted by a holocaust of deflation, which slashed Labour's program for improved economic and social welfare. Exploiting the chance, de Gaulle at the same time reiterated his determination to keep Britain out of the Common Market. This moment of truth for the Labour ministers came in summer 1966. Now they had to start all over again from the beginning, but now they also knew the score —that there was no room at the top for amateur politics. It is on their performance in a four-year uphill struggle, from 1966 to 1970, that they should be judged. It has in many respects not been a bad performance.

They succeeded best in what were from a strictly party-political standpoint lesser tasks, but important tasks for those who wish to improve the *quality* of British social life. Here progress was made, particularly when Roy Jenkins was at the Home Office. Capital punishment was abolished permanently. The divorce laws were reformed to provide divorce by consent after three years' separation, in place of all the degrading connivance over adultery and alleged cruelty. Homosexual relations between consenting adults—previously a legal offense and so a fruitful source of blackmail—were legalized. So was abortion, introduced into the National Health Service to get rid of the back-street abortionists and the heartache they caused. While these measures had long been the ideals of middle-class reformers, none was a vote-winner among the mass of Labour's working-class supporters, and none was without snags. Police and prison officers solidly demanded the retention of the death penalty, while legal but private abortion clinics soon created sensationally publicized abuses; but the Labour ministers resolutely pushed the measures through.

One can here also mention Home Office guidance to the unarmed British police to try to contain even violent political demon-

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stration with a mixture of tact, restraint, and good humor, which made an American observer like Mary McCarthy rub her eyes in disbelief. (Touch wood, for who knows what can happen tomorrow!) At any rate, if one hears the 50,000 "new Americans" in England praise the civilized surface of British life in terms surprising to a resident, a reason for it is that Britain's socialist ministers were good liberals in the American sense of the word—not their basic political task, but their achievements, which are not to be minimized.

Nor are several other achievements, which had to be left unfinished. Denis Healey as defense minister kept his Armed Service chiefs remarkably contented while raising individual pay and imposing overall cuts, so that from 1968 onward Britain was spending steadily more on state education than on defense. Under Labour's youngest Oxonian, Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, the Ministry of Technology finally came to life with a system of development grants for lagging regions and a state corporation to promote industrial mergers in the interest of efficiency. (I note well how unsocialist this must sound to American leftists, but this is Britain, still in *search* of technical efficiency.) When Labour came in, Britain's curious state education system was still largely divided into socially separate schools for brighter and less bright pupils. It was Anthony Crosland as education minister who gave the system a decisive push toward "comprehensive schools" for pupils of all abilities, which the Conservatives will find it hard to reverse.

Meanwhile Richard Crossman, that most fluent left-wing writer, was in the most strict administrator's job wrestling with the mathematics of opposing claims within a fixed budget of public housing, health, and social security; above all, with the potentially open-ended costs and competitive priorities of the National Health Service during a time of feverish medical revolution that, among other results, has sent thousands of British doctors and nurses to the understaffed United States, to be replaced here by Indian and Pakistani doctors and West Indian and African nurses. Crossman was also in the midst of working out a new, comprehensive state-pensions structure—mathematics again!—and answering his unusually fierce critics with equal zest, when he was removed overnight by the election. Last, with all the opprobrium for restricting colored immigration, even by Asian holders of British passports, the Labour government at home passed an important act making race discrimination in housing and jobs illegal and setting up a Race Relations Board with statutory powers against offenders. American critics might find these powers still too limited, but they are something quite new and thus important in Britain.

THE REAL CRITICISM is to say that these achievements of Labour ministers were on issues of detail, and that Labour's failure on a larger scale was affecting its whole socialist basis.

Most visible, if ultimately not most important, were the setbacks in foreign policy, conducted largely by Harold Wilson himself, who was desperately slow to grasp that all the gimmickry and socialist phrases, which at home helped him to keep his left wing in line, carried no weight abroad. Thus, at the beginning, he mollified left-wing critics on his resounding silence about Washington's Vietnam war policies by broad hints about his alleged role as confidential intermediary with Premier Kosygin. When this role was shown not to exist, he was exposed as all the more supine a supporter of President Johnson. However, one can readily imagine the Foreign Office brief: "The cardinal policy for a Britain unpopular in the Commonwealth, excluded from the Common Market, and menaced by Soviet Russia, must be never to be out of step with the United States, her chief ally and financial backer."

No less quickly exposed were Wilson's claims of special Commonwealth warmth

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toward himself as a left-winger. In the armed India-Pakistan clash he did nothing, yet offended the Indians and had to leave the peace-making to Kosygin. Over Rhodesia his halfway-house policy of economic sanctions failed either to satisfy the vociferous Africans or shake Ian Smith. In the Nigerian war he seemed to back the Federal side (in itself not wrong), merely for British material advantage.

Finally, indignation became worldwide when Wilson's government withdrew the right to come to Britain—beyond a limited annual quota—from Indian and Pakistani holders of British passports in East Africa. No good saying that these passports had been granted in the utterly different days of lordly Churchillian imperialism or that no one accused the East African governments of racism for forcing out their Asian residents. Shortly after writing a straight attack against these entry restrictions on East African Asians, I found myself almost defending them against friends in New York (bless them!) who said British prestige could sink no lower. But it did! In Europe, a much-publicized campaign by Wilson and his Foreign Secretary George Brown to enter the Common Market ended in predictable fiasco: only after de Gaulle's exit was the door to negotiations reopened.

IN A WAY, one could regard these foreign setbacks as part of a British rather than a Labour predicament, and as not so vital because the British public was often hardly aware of them. Quite different is the case of Labour's decisive failure in its domestic wage policy, affecting its entire social reform program. It was plain from the start that Labour's program to transform British society through more and better comprehensive schools, new and modern hospitals, higher pensions, subsidies for the arts, and the rest could be paid for either through higher taxation, which was no longer desirable now that higher-earning workers paid income tax, or as Labour spokesmen confidently proclaimed, out of the accelerated economic growth they promised. It was admitted equally that such growth had to come from stepping up British exports and getting the balance of trade right. But this in turn meant not just talk about higher productivity and efficiency, but also some sort of policy for preventing wage and price inflation from getting out of hand, as it had done regularly since the war, and so forcing the government into the fatal cycle of "stop-go" and only minimal growth. And here a profound division of thought between Wilson's Labour ministers and their trade-union colleagues soon revealed itself.

The union leaders, who had the support of the Left minority in Parliament, agreed with the official theory that Labour was the workers' party and must strive not only for higher social services but a planned economy. But they were adamant that such planning must not impinge on the workers' right of collective bargaining for the highest wage to be got, never mind whether in private or nationalized industry. That is to say, everything could be planned by a Labour government except wages; and the top leaders in the Trade Union Congress (TUC) warned that even were they to agree to restrictions on collective bargaining, these would never be accepted by the militants further down, who led the constant unofficial strikes, which by the time Labour came in had already become a special and growing handicap for British industrial exports. Furthermore, under the same slogan of workers' rights, the TUC would not even let the government touch the antiquated structure of a multiplicity of historically overlapping unions, from giant to small, which left effective power with local shop stewards who could call strikes at the plant level: British Ford Motors alone had to negotiate wages with 16 separate unions. That is, the TUC was all for a Labour governmental campaign to modernize industry—but not trade unions!

Here therefore was a major impasse for the Labour government. Its ministers were not only struggling continually against unof-

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ficial strikes, which perpetuated both an upward wage and price drift and export shortages. The trouble was that the Labour ministers' creed obliged them to fight this battle without admitting in public two basic facts. One was that the struggle was against their own following among the organized workers. The other was that where sectional advantage was concerned, trade unionists could not be swayed by an appeal to those wider socialist principles to which their leaders paid lip service—not in today's affluent society.

Ministers like George Brown, Jim Callaghan, and Barbara Castle in turn wrestled with this problem of wage and price policy. They were defeated. George Brown's "Statement of Intent" to increase productivity, solemnly extracted from employers and union leaders, remained mere decor, and his Department of Economic Affairs soon disappeared through its inability to plan. In 1968 another and massive inflationary crisis enforced a traumatic devaluation of the pound, large foreign offset loans to Britain, and Callaghan's retirement from Treasury.

Barbara Castle's case, next to come, was the most interesting. An attractive woman and a fiery, often extreme left-wing orator, she had in opposition days been the darling of the Party rank and file. By the time Wilson asked her to head a new Department of Employment and Productivity, it was clear that in a still largely capitalist economy, to ask the unions for *voluntary* wage restraint so that the government should have the scope to expand the social services was just not possible. Mrs. Castle's trade-union reform bill therefore proposed a package deal. It aimed to streamline union structure; to promote agreements linking wage rises with higher productivity; to spell out the obligations of employers in guaranteeing job security; and, finally, that wage agreements between employers and unions should be treated as legally enforceable contracts. But even in disguise, no go! It was this last clause that once again aroused the familiar outcry against government interference with the workers' freedom to engage in collective bargaining, backed if necessary by strike action. In 1969, in what seemed for a moment like a head-on clash between the government and the TUC, with the astonished Conservatives looking on, the outcome—inevitable in the circumstances—was total retreat by Wilson and Mrs. Castle.

The consequences of this defeat became soon apparent. Introducing a new, emasculated trade-union bill, Mrs. Castle turned on the Conservatives with the warning they should realize that "power in industry has today passed to the shop floor." She might well have added: "And this makes all democratic socialist planning problematic." In the first half of 1970, Roy Jenkins as chancellor had by skillful financial management for the first time since 1945 brought Britain's balance of trade into surplus and so had set off not only a rapid repayment of Britain's debts but the promise of a boom. Vain optimism! For, on the other economic flank, unofficial strikes and trade-union pressures enforced such unprecedented wage increases that prices were equally sent soaring in an inflationary spiral, which the Conservatives were swift to exploit. As now revealed, Conservative election propaganda was directed at housewives, particularly working-class housewives, with the one constant theme of associating Labour with rising prices—and it worked. Against this appeal, all Labour's record in improving social services and civilizing British society was of no avail, and out in what should have been mid-career went Harold Wilson and his talented colleagues.

A second blow against the government by its own supporters was more limited in its effect on votes, but an unhappy business. Commonwealth immigration had brought to Britain a colored population that, because its average age is young, will before long amount to 5 percent of the total population or half the U.S. percentage; but one already saw the U.S. pattern of immigrant concentration in certain larger cities and the genuine

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danger of overcrowded colored ghettos in these cities. About half the newcomers are West Indians, most like American blacks in that they are English in culture and language and justifiably bitter about white race prejudice in Britain and their mostly lowly status as laborers. The other half, however, are Indians and Pakistanis speaking foreign languages, arriving with a system of tight family relationships, and for religious reasons intending to live in culturally self-contained communities.

Now, this problem of immigrants and a permanent color admixture, if commonplace in the United States, is quite new in Britain and indeed in Europe. As I have said, the Labour government, while stemming the inflow, set up legal machinery against discrimination toward the newcomers already here. The British press, radio, and television have on the whole admirably followed suit in stressing the essential contribution of Commonwealth immigrants in hospitals (without them the National Health Service would collapse), in public transport, or as factory workers in otherwise labor-scarce districts.

But the economic function of immigrants is only one aspect of this Afro-Asian impact upon an insular British life, this curious last act of Empire, with former subjects making dimly for the mother country. Traveling through England, I, too, was once or twice startled by the change involved, as when, for instance, I found myself on a Birmingham railway platform in a tiny white minority among hundreds of Pakistanis. If I, middle-class, Jewish, and in my maturer years, can react in this way, how much more the British working classes, faced so suddenly with a race problem. They, and not middle-class intellectuals, must live and work alongside racially and religiously foreign immigrants and, as they see it, compete for scarce housing and hospital beds. If their fears of a colored threat to their new-won, precarious affluence are irrational, they exist. The last two to three years have seen a hardening of British working-class ranks over color issues, which it would be useless to deny. Even amidst general progress in outward racial tolerance, long-standing West Indian residents have felt the chill.

Mr. Heath's Conservatives did not officially exploit this, or only in hints. But that powerful right-wing Tory Enoch Powell had eager followers in calling openly for colored repatriation. Somehow, the Labour government was closely associated with the colored, so the insidious propaganda ran; it was soft on a further influx, on colored women occupying all maternity beds, on shutting its eyes to illegal Asian immigration (on a small scale certainly going on). Again the propaganda was primarily directed at the industrial working class and had some results. Woodrow Wyatt, a prominent Labour backbencher, explaining the specially large swing against himself and Jenny Lee in their coal-mining constituencies alongside that of Enoch Powell, reported that thousands of miners had voted against Labour for the first time in British history. Perhaps Powellism affected only half a dozen seats, but in a close election this mattered. Of course, far more workers with some Powellite sympathies still legally voted Labour, so that conversely one could be glad that many of the blue-collar workers who in the U.S. voted for Nixon or Wallace are in Britain safely enrolled in a Labour party headed by progressive intellectuals.

TWO CONCLUDING THOUGHTS.

The Conservatives with their small parliamentary majority have, after a euphoria of mere days, quickly run into the difficulties every expert had expected, with a national dock strike and a storm of world indignation against their proposal of resuming arms sales to South Africa. Labour constitutes a large parliamentary opposition, and all the enduring problems from which Britain cannot escape should keep them busy in the ring. There have therefore been no fierce Labour post-mortems. The shock of defeat through the desertion of part of their work-

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ing-class following is still too deep. Moreover, the outlines of the new political long-term problem for Labour are already plain to see. By far the strongest force in British society today is the steady push of the vast middle-earning population—the industrial trade unions joined by more and more white-collar workers—for more material affluence. Since in spite of class-war talk this push is conducted on a jealously sectional basis, it is hard to contain, even though by sending up prices the wage rises are often illusory.

How can middle-class intellectuals at the head of the Labour party contain such inflationary wage pressure, particularly by the strongest unions, so as to have means for the desired expanded social services for the weak, those below the poverty line, the sick, the growing army of the old, and also for British aid to the developing world? How tackle the reality of new race prejudices? A left-wing MP, returning from a talk on Merseyside with extreme, militant shop stewards, said that if only he could promise to restore hanging, to punish homosexuals, to get rid of dirt on television, and to repatriate the colored, he would be returned in a landslide. This was a joke; but it illuminates the fact that for British Labour leaders, as for the American Left, political contact with the organized workers has become a problem. Of course, there are enormous differences. Once again in opposition, Labour and trade-union leaders are again comrades—no one writes books about "the agony of the British Left." Yet the problems for the British and American Left are not totally unalike.

This being so, I realize how foreign to American left-wing ears this whole drama of the British Labour government must sound, this strange story of Richard Crossman of the *New Statesman* immersed in the mathematics of state-pension blueprints, of Denis Healey (once a young Communist at Balliol College, Oxford), presiding over briefcase conferences of British top generals, of Barbara Castle rushing around "to stop the strike at Ford's" instead of heading a preferably violent protest march against the takeover from Detroit! Do I mean that this tinkering with capitalism in a declining country is to be taken *seriously?* Aren't these people aware of the *real* scene? I can indeed hear the questions! What about the population explosion, the horrifying needs of the never-to-be-developed countries, what of the Cold War lies behind Denis Healey's Nato, as exposed by bold (and bad) American revisionist historians, what of the burning American crime of the Vietnam war supported so hypocritically by Wilson; what of the soullessness of the consumer society, what about pollution, the total alienation of student youth, the campus revolution, black power, the ghetto revolution, the need for moral revolution—why indeed did I not even mention the word "revolution" before?

Well, although the New Left with its vocabulary was invented in this country (to be precise at Cambridge, in the early 50s), it has in practice had little impact here. As one trying hard to keep up with sociological fashions, I see how hard it has been for Labour ministers overwhelmed by daily departmental work to do the same. In a recent conversation I found a leading Labour party personality shaking his head about the apocalyptic tone of American New Left writing.

> All this stuff about the "totality" of society and the need to destroy the whole system—*Das System!* Isn't that what Georg Lukacs was talking about at Frankfurt in the '20s with his *Geschichte und Klassenbewusstsein,* and we know what happened to all that and to Lukacs under Stalin! And wasn't Lukacs the mentor of that other sociologist fellow from Frankfurt, what's his name, Marcuse, who is still in California and they say has much influence?

No, I have put this in terms of parody, but not a gross one and it illuminates the cautionary moral: too much practice and parochialism on the British Left, too little practice to back the talk on the American Left.

Somewhere there ought to be a mean.

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Two from Solzhenitsyn

These two letters by the Russian novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn reveal vividly the condition of the writer in his struggle against the Communist bureaucracy of Russia. The first letter was written to a group of students who had visited him; the second was sent to the Writers' Union in protest against his expulsion. We reprint the translations from Survey, *with thanks. While preparing to go to press, we learn that Solzhenitsyn has won the Nobel Prize.*—ED.

I FEEL THAT I HAVE NOT TOLD you everything, that I have not fully clarified my thoughts. Here then are a few more words.

Justice has been the common patrimony of humanity throughout the ages. It does not cease to exist for the majority even when it is twisted in some ("exclusive") circles. Obviously it is a concept which is inherent in man, since it cannot be traced to any other source. Justice exists even if there are only a few individuals who recognize it as such. The love of justice seems to me to be a different sentiment from the love of people (or at least the two coincide only partially). And in periods of mass decadence, when the question is posed, "Why bother? What are the sacrifices for?" it is possible to answer with certainty: "For justice." There is nothing relative about justice, as there is nothing relative about conscience. Indeed, justice *is* conscience, not a personal conscience but the conscience of the whole of humanity. Those who clearly recognize the voice of their own conscience usually recognize also the voice of justice. I consider that in all social or historical questions (if we are aware of them, not from hearsay or books, but are touched by them spiritually), justice will always suggest a way to act (or judge) which will not conflict with our conscience.

As our intelligence is usually not sufficient to grasp, to understand, and to foresee the course of history (and, as you say, it has been demonstrated that to "plan" it is absurd) you will never err if you act in any social situation in accordance with justice (the old way of saying it in Russian is: to live by truth *). In this way you will always be able to act and not just be a passive witness.

And please do not tell me that "everybody understands justice in his own way." No! They can shout, they can take you by the throat, they can tear your breast, but convictions based on conscience are as infallible as the internal rhythm of the heart (and one knows that in private life it is the voice of conscience we often try to suppress).

For example, I am sure that the best among the Arabs understand that—according to justice—Israel has a right to exist and to live. *Ryazan, October 1967*

IT IS SHAMEFUL that you trample your own statutes underfoot in this manner. You have expelled me in my absence, as if there were a fire, without even sending me a summons or a telegram, without even giving me the four hours necessary to come from Ryazan to be present at the meeting.

You have clearly demonstrated that the decision preceded the "investigation."

* The words truth (*pravda*) and justice (*spravedlivost*) have the same root in Russian.

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Was it easier for you to find new charges in my absence? Were you afraid of being obliged to grant me ten minutes to make my answer?

I am compelled therefore to send this letter in reply.

Blow the dust off the clock. Your watches are slow in relation to our times. Draw open the heavy curtains you treasure so much. You do not even suspect that it is daylight outside. It is no longer the time of the deaf, the somber period with no way out when it pleased you to expel Akhmatova. Nor is it any longer the period of timidity and frost when you expelled Pasternak, hurling abuse at him. Was this shame not enough for you?

Do you want to make it greater? But the hour is near when each one of you will try to efface the signature he put under the resolution taken today.

Blind leading the blind, you do not even notice that you are going in the opposite direction from the one you yourselves indicated. At this critical time, you are incapable of suggesting anything constructive, anything good for our society which is gravely ill; you have only your hatred, your vigilance, your "let's hold on and not let go."

Your lumbering statements fall flat; your stupidity stirs feebly; you have no arguments. There is only the unanimous vote and the administrative repression. And this is why neither Sholokhov nor any of you dared to reply to the letter of Lydia Chukovskaya who is the pride of Russian committed literature. But the administrative pincers will close in on her. How can one dare read a book which has not been published? Once the authorities decide not to publish you, stifle yourself, cease to exist, refuse to allow anyone to read what you have written.

They are also considering the expulsion of Lev Kopelev, the front-line veteran, who has already served ten years in a camp, although he was completely innocent. But today he is guilty. Why did he intervene on behalf of the persecuted? Why did he reveal the facts about his secret meetings with an influential person? But why, then, do you arrange such conversations which are kept secret from the people? Were we not promised 50 years ago that never again would there be any secret diplomacy, secret meetings, secret and incomprehensible appointments and dismissals, and that the masses would discuss everything out in the open?

"The enemy will overhear"—that is your excuse. The "enemies," eternal and ever present, provide an easy justification for your functions and for your very existence. But what would you do without enemies? You could not survive without enemies. Hatred, hatred as evil as racial hatred, has become your sterile atmosphere. Thus it is that one loses sight of common humanity and moves to perdition. Should the Antarctic ice melt tomorrow, all mankind would drown, and into whose heads would you then be drilling your concepts of "class struggle"?

And I am not even talking about what would happen when the few surviving bipeds wander across a radioactive earth to die. It is high time to remember that we belong first and foremost to humanity, that man has distinguished himself from animals by thought and language. Men naturally should be free, and if they are put in chains, we will return to the animal stage.

Public recognition of facts, complete and honest, that is the first condition of health in all societies, including our own. He who refuses this, cares nothing for the fatherland and thinks only of his own interest. He who refuses this for the fatherland, cannot cure our illnesses but only repress them and induce putrefaction.

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Nicola Chiaromonte

Historical Necessity & Conscience

Concerning Roger Martin du Gard's *Les Thibault*

One of the great novels of 20th-century Europe, Roger Martin du Gard's The Thibaults, *has recently been reprinted in English translation by Bantam Books, with an introduction by Albert Camus. Little known in the U.S.,* The Thibaults *consists of a large sequence of novels covering the span of European life between 1890 and the First World War. One of its most perceptive critics is the Italian writer Nicola Chiaromonte; below is a section of an extended study of Martin du Gard's work.*—ED.

IN MY OPINION, *Les Thibault* by Roger Martin du Gard is the last great novel in the classical nineteenth-century manner. But in the soberness of its style as well as in the apparent discontinuity of its composition (consisting of a series of separate episodes rather than an uninterrupted flow of narration), it shows more than a trace of twentieth-century sensibility. It is not my purpose here to analyze the artistic quality of the work; I take it for granted. A mediocre book could hardly provoke sustained intellectual interest or supply substantial matter for reflection. If, however, I call *Les Thibault* the last great novel of the nineteenth century it is for reasons that are not primarily aesthetic.

The first reason is the scope of the narration, which covers the story of a French bourgeois family from about 1890 to the end of the First World War; on November 18, 1918, seven days after the conclusion of the armistice, Antoine, the younger of the Thibault brothers, knowing that he is going to die from having been gassed in the war, deliberately puts an end to his life.

The novel begins with an episode in the childhood of Jacques, the elder Thibault brother. A notebook in which the passionate friendship between him and his schoolmate, Daniel de Fontanin, is expressed in the ardent language of adolescence, having been discovered by his father, the stern Catholic and even sterner bourgeois Monsieur Oscar Thibault, the boy is sent to a "reformatory" —or, as it is called in the book, a "penitentiary." Jacques endures his punishment stoically and, when freed, continues his studies with great success, being admitted to that seventh heaven of the French school system, the École Normale Supérieure. His nature, however, remains that of a rebel. He becomes a socialist and, as soon as he can, leaves Paris and his family to live in Switzerland, giving up a strong although, on both sides, utterly unexpressed passion that had been growing between him and Jenny, his friend Daniel's sister.

While Jacques lives the life of a revolutionary socialist in Geneva, his brother Antoine becomes a very successful doctor. The two brothers meet again in Paris at their father's death bed. Then they separate and do not meet until the days of July 1914

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when, after the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo, the fate of Europe hangs in the balance and private life is pushed into the background by historical drama. Hence, in the last parts of the novel, *Summer 1914* and *Epilogue,* the reader is transferred from the level of private life to that of public life and history. It is "war" after "peace."

Summer 1914 is a chronicle that goes from June 28 to August 1, 1914, and includes the death of Jacques Thibault in a mad attempt to stop the war by getting into an airplane and dropping leaflets on both armies, calling for revolt and fraternization. The chronicle deals with two different milieus: that of international socialism to which Jacques belongs, and that of the Parisian intellectual upper class where his brother Antoine pursues a brilliant medical career. On one side are the ideologists and the rebels; on the other, the serious and orderly people, among whom is Rumelles, a high official of the Quai d'Orsay, one of the history-makers. The novelist shows us how both the rebels and the orderly people, anguished by the onrush of events, try to understand what is taking place, make it fit into the frame of reference of their established convictions, try to guess what is going to happen and influence it. In the end they are all equally dismayed and feel equally powerless. Jacques, mortally wounded, his plane having fallen even before he could drop his leaflets, is caught in the confusion of the French troops in retreat after the failure of their offensive in Alsatia. The military policeman who has him in custody finishes him off with a shot. Why bother with a spy?

Epilogue takes place in 1918, from May 3 to November 18. It recounts the slow death of the army doctor Antoine Thibault in a sanatorium, his lungs corroded by poison gas. While consciously waiting for death, Antoine ponders upon his own destiny, on his brother's, and on the absurdity of war. Until the very last moment he clings to the hope that, after such senseless slaughter, governments will find the way back to reason and will succeed in establishing a truly effective League of Nations. On November 18, seven days after the end of the war, Antoine decides not to wait passively for death any longer and kills himself with an injection. Thus ends the Thibault family. Jean-Paul, the son born in 1915 of the first and last encounter between Jacques Thibault and Jenny de Fontanin, will be twenty-four in 1939. The last volume of Roger Martin du Gard's great novel, *Epilogue,* was published in that very year.

IN THE LAST part of his novel Martin du Gard, like Tolstoy in *War and Peace,* clearly intended to probe into the why and how of the historical event, and he does so as an objective storyteller, portraying characters and events without intervening himself. Like Tolstoy, he has seen in the paroxysm of war the very heart of the enigma of history. His attempt is different from Tolstoy's; while Tolstoy from the very beginning conceived of his work as a novel about history, Martin du Gard was led to give his novel a historical epilogue by a kind of chronological necessity.

From a purely artistic point of view, *Les Thibault* could have ended with the part that deals with the death of Oscar Thibault, the father. This episode could well have concluded the story of the formation of Jacques' and Antoine's respective characters, of the different ways in which they react to the authority of the father and to the stern bourgeois Catholic morality represented by it. In the very attitude of the novelist toward his subject, however, there is something of the attitude of the objective historian. The writer must have felt that the portraits of his characters would be left unfinished, as it were, if he had not shown them involved in the historical destiny that had struck their generation. In other words, even from a

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purely artistic point of view (if the enterprise of the novelist can ever be viewed as guided by purely artistic motives), *Les Thibault* would simply have been incomplete as the story of a bourgeois family from 1890 on, if it had not included the First World War.

In Tolstoy, death and destruction notwithstanding, war is an ordeal out of which the individual as well as society, thanks to their natural vigor, can emerge victorious. In Martin du Gard, war is a dismal catastrophe in which not only the individual but society itself is helplessly shattered. Confronted with history, the writer's tone remains objective and impassive. A moral debate is, however, appended to the sober account of characters and circumstances. The theme of the novel, which until then had been exclusively that of the private relations between the characters—Oscar Thibault and his sons, the Thibault family as against the Fontanin family, the delicate relations between Jacques and Jenny, Antoine's straightforward ambition and lust for life—is transformed into that of the relationship between the individual and society. Individuals are no longer alone. History invades their lives and, with history, the nation, the state, and all mankind. Ideological problems take over.

In telling us about Jacques' revolt against both his father's authority and his own class, or Antoine's healthy acceptance of both, or about the moral world of Monsieur Thibault, the father, Martin du Gard does not take a position. He limits himself to describing each character with a Spinozian concern to understand without judging. His impassive tone, however, has the effect of making the reader feel even more strongly that, for example, the death of Monsieur Thibault, the father, marked the end of a certain kind of authority and morality. Such an end was in order, the reader feels, since the injustice done to Jacques when his friendship for Daniel de Fontanin was considered sinful, and punished as a crime, was too serious an offense against human spontaneity.

The writer's attitude to history is no different. He neither takes sides nor indicts; he does not make either the official or the socialist point of view his own. But, simply because he does not adopt any of the accepted positions and cares exclusively for a certain fidelity to factual truth, the final effect of Martin du Gard's pages on war is to show the weakness of the structure on which peace was based.

This structure was not simply the political system that had been established in Europe after the second half of the nineteenth century. It could not be reduced to capitalism or democracy, since it included such different ferments as socialism and antidemocratic ideologies. Nor was it based on bourgeois morality, for that had already been seriously undermined. While Jacques is a rebel, Antoine, who conforms to accepted norms of conduct, is very far from doing so out of conviction; to him, they are rather a means for the realization of his ambitions. In fact, bourgeois morality has already been questioned in the first part of the novel, *The Grey Notebook,* where the distance that separates Monsieur Thibault's rigidly set mind from the spontaneous outflow of an adolescent's feelings is shown with masterful restraint.

Martin du Gard is too concerned with concrete details and the rendering of the psychology of his characters to deviate into ideological discussion. Yet he is too objective and too respectful of historical truth to shrink from ideas when the events themselves require their presence. The moral question that finally flares up during the critical days of July 1914 was already smouldering in the souls of the characters, as is suggested by their natural gravity and their earnest commitment to the business of living. Jacques and Antoine Thibault would indeed have remained incomplete as characters if the writer had not confronted them with the ordeal of war.

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LIKE *War and Peace,* The Thibaults shows the effects of war on a peaceful society. But what, one might ask, is the specific structure of the state of peace as seen by Martin du Gard? It is very different from that of Tolstoy. Tolstoy's "peace" is simply based on "nature," social conventions and manners being themselves part of "natural" living. In *The Thibaults,* however, "peace" is definitely based on the individual's taking for granted not a natural state, but the accord between three fundamental elements: the individual himself, reason, and nature. The two main characters, Jacques and Antoine, live by trusting the possibility, if not the certainty, of such an accord. This trust is, at bottom, shared even by their father. Except that for Oscar Thibault reason is guaranteed by the authority of religion, while nature represents temptation and sin; as for his Catholicism, it is strongly egocentric, autocratic, as well as rationalistic.

In a certain sense, however, the underlying theme of the novel is indeed nature. But for Martin du Gard, as distinguished from Tolstoy, nature is the dark side of things: all that, in life, escapes man's control, surging irrepressibly from the unconscious depths of his being. For Jacques, as a boy, the feverish impulse that draws him toward Daniel de Fontanin is as natural as, later on, his revolt against his father's authority. Yet at the bottom of these irresistible impulses of his soul there is something like a threatening ambiguity, a persistent feeling of guilt and doubt. It is the same feeling that is masterfully expressed by the author in the relationship between Jacques and Jenny, in which attraction and repulsion are inextricably intertwined, and which remains troubled even when the two, carried away by the emotion of the impending collective disaster, finally yield to their mutual attraction. Nature is shown in the novel as the force which drives the individual to look for happiness and self-fulfillment as well as for what Jacques calls "the hold on reality," meaning the complete conviction that one's actions are in accord with the order of things—a conviction that, incidentally, Jacques will never be able to gain.

There seems to be nothing serene, nothing to be taken for granted, in nature as seen by Martin du Gard. While it is a liberating force, it is also dark and destructive. Nothing characterizes more clearly both Jacques' character and the sense of nature in Martin du Gard than Jacques' feeling at the very moment when he abandons himself to his love for Jenny. Happiness appears to him at that moment as "a surrender to obscure forces." It is, no doubt, a kind of sacred terror.

The sense of terror before the unleashing of the forces of nature becomes feverish when war breaks out. But, even when confronted with war, Martin du Gard's characters maintain the belief that between the man of good will and reason on one side, and nature and society on the other, there should be an accord of some kind; if there is conflict instead of accord, this means that there is error, fault, or ill will on the part of somebody. No matter how conscious of the "force" that lies at the core of his being, the individual cannot help feeling responsible. He cannot, that is, renounce the privilege of controlling (or repressing) nature by the sheer power of rational will.

THE MORAL ORDER that obtains in *The Thibaults* is an order based on the individual, on his reason and his responsibility, hence, in the last analysis, on his conscious will. In the nineteenth century it was the moral order shared by everybody, by the conformists as well as the rebels. Responsible for his actions, the individual owes an account of them first to his own conscience and then to others. Society is a secondary fact in this universe, whose ideal is the individual entirely free from collective servitude, in a condition of permanent heresy, so to speak, with respect to society, insofar as he

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is capable of judging (that is of accepting or rejecting) established norms. Even if he has *not yet* succeeded in controlling nature, man is the conscious cause of what happens around him, hence he must accept responsibility for it, under penalty of renouncing his dignity. Society is a congregation of individuals, each of them contributing freely to the life of the community, each one responsible according to his own condition for the present state of the community as well as for its future.

These are the premises, fundamentally optimistic in spite of the somber overtones revealed by the absence of any true joy in the universe on which peace is founded and private life unfolds in *The Thibaults*. The gloomy strain that makes itself felt throughout the narration, and finally resounds in the lugubriously dissonant tunes that accompany the death of Antoine, comes from the stoic morality that inspires the whole work.

At the approach of war this moral universe, which was already in question as far as the main characters were concerned, begins to shake, and eventually collapses. The frontier between the individual, nature and reason is erased. Nature has swept away the dike. Reason is no longer of any avail. The individual no longer knows where he stands nor who he is. Society has taken possession of him and carries him away toward an unknown consummation.

The crisis of *1914* takes place, to begin with, in the conscience of individuals. As soon as the order of private, peaceful living is shaken, the drama of the Ego, of its significance and basic obscurity, unfolds in the crudest of lights. The I and the Other confront each other unmercifully: "Under Doctor Thibault, I am well aware that there is somebody else: my own self . . . and this self is choking," Antoine tells himself at the approach of war. His reflection is echoed in his brother's exclamation: "Let us, once in life, have the courage to be ourselves!"

With a violent jolt, war wakes from slumber the Self that was once curbed under the despotic rule of the father, only to give it its death sentence. At that moment it is made clear that, if this is what individual life was meant for, if this is the end of its story, there is no difference whatsoever between one life and another. Jacques' revolt makes no more sense than Antoine's conformity. The individual finds himself alone in a dark universe. The only outlet left for reason is soliloquy. Nature has reverted to chaos.

And yet, in Antoine's attitude to death neither reason nor will, and not even hope, are given up. The glance he fixes on total darkness is firm, the last word he writes in his notebook is the name of a child. Stoic morality is upheld to the very end. It is the same morality that has been the pride of modern humanism since Spinoza. The writer does not indulge in the description of horrors abounding in literary testimonials on the First World War. The pathos of the last parts of the novel comes from the strength of a moral faith that is able to withstand the weight of the world. At the same time, however, the writer shows us the limit beyond which that faith breaks down.

A novel, of course, is above all a work of fiction. As fiction, it does not lend itself to logical arguments or historical comments and criticism. Yet, in every important work of fiction we find, implicit or explicit, well amalgamated with the narration or clumsily appended to it, a definite structure of ideas. There is no modern novel of any scope that does not imply a certain view of society, of history, and of the world. "It is not sufficient to be a man, one must be a system," said Balzac, speaking of the novelist. It seems what he meant was that the relation between the modern novelist and his creations is necessarily ideological. A novelist cannot really understand his characters and make them act without referring himself to a structure that goes beyond them insofar as it expresses the inner laws of the world in which they are supposed to exist.

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James Hitchcock

Two Kinds of Liberalism

ONE OF THE LESS HAPPY ASPECTS of the Kennedy era was the way it blended politics and fashion, giving rise to a concern with style and mood that had been lacking in earlier American liberalism. As Hollywood and the Jet Set—and many who admired both were too sophisticated to admit it—began to embrace political reform, politics became more than a struggle for measurable results and began to assume a quasi-mystical veneer. Self-definition and self-testing, self-purgation and role-creating are now as much a part of the Left as any political program. Liberals and radicals, having become amateur psychologists of power, are highly adept at explaining the hangups behind political failures. (A moratorium should be declared on the use of the term "hangup." Too often an originally valid concept is debased into a mere refusal to take other people's values seriously.)

The psychology of politics has validity and, up to a point, usefulness. But a preoccupation with political psychology is almost an infallible sign that politics itself has become debilitated and bereft of hope. Psychology then declines into a technique for discovering the roots of failure, preferably hidden betrayals.

A curious shift, not much noticed, has occurred in leftist thinking—Marx has been quietly displaced by Freud as the patron saint, the philosopher whose system is most useful for explaining political realities. Of the many reasons that can be offered for this, the most important may simply be prosperity. A comfortable middle class living in a culture in which radical questioning has become fashionable grows curious about its own inner depths. Self-analysis, when not obsessive or therapeutic, is also an amusing game. And the centrality of the race question leads straight to psychology—it is difficult to show that prosperous whites have an economic need to discriminate, hence the explanation for their behavior must lie "deeper."

The hopelessness of our present political mood obviously arises from our awareness that we have never before confronted problems as subtle and elusive as those which now beset us. The classic leftist struggles were against highly visible, physically-entrenched economic interests. Today poverty remains a major problem, but it is impossible to locate precisely where the blame for it lies. (Blaming society means blaming everyone, hence blaming no one.) But poverty itself is the relatively more simple component of our social pathology. Quite early on, every analysis of poverty begins to shade into problems of race and problems of culture, neither of which can be "solved" in any acceptable political way or even satisfactorily defined.

Among veterans of the euphoric liberalism of the early 1960s a secret or open despair has set in. It is most deeply imbedded, perhaps, in precisely those liberals who have found new radical identities and now press for "revolution" while scorning the meliorist dreams of their youth. (This is one of the few periods of our history in which intellectuals become more radical as they grow older.) Even the provincial capitals of America now harbor their share of bourgeois intellectual "revolutionaries," distinguished by their clothes and speech, their patronage of certain bars, the willful narrowing of their intellectual life to whatever is most extreme and avant-garde, and a general refusal to participate in any kind of meliorist activity.

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THE SPLITTING OF THE LIBERAL CAMP into moderate and radical, or meliorist and revolutionary, wings, is probably the natural outcome of a deeper but largely hidden division. It is a division within the liberal soul, according to hidden self-images and obscurely sensed motivations. Largely unconscious or semiconscious, it is a division recognized only on the periphery, by transferral of deep feelings to public issues which are, by comparison, merely on the surface. The division can perhaps be approximated by the categories "guilt liberalism" and "duty liberalism."

"Guilt liberalism" is self-explanatory. It refers to those who feel, in an emotional way, morally responsible for the injustices of society. Why some people feel this guilt while most apparently do not is difficult to say; it may have to do with private guilts transferred to a social situation. It is, of course, a powerful impetus to political activism, since the purging of one's soul is a driving psychological force almost without equal.

Superficially, "duty liberalism" appears quite similar to guilt liberalism. The duty liberal also professes feelings of guilt and moral responsibility for social injustices, and he involves himself in social action in order to discharge the guilt. The difference lies in genuineness and depth of feeling—often the duty liberal does not really feel very guilty. His responsibility is something arrived at through reasoning; it is rather abstract. He is more likely than the guilt liberal to stress the communal guilt of all men and of society itself. Without admitting it, the duty liberal is often self-congratulatory. He looks upon his liberalism precisely as a sign of his moral superiority and believes that he is less guilty than most men in that at least he recognizes his responsibilities and takes measures to discharge them.

In its pristine form, duty liberalism is simply *noblesse oblige*. Recognizing his moral superiority and natural talents, the duty liberal believes that he has much to offer the oppressed. His personal satisfaction may come from observing the gratitude of the poor as they receive his favors, though it need not be that crude. Ultimately it derives from his need to believe in himself as a morally superior man, hence one committed to action. (Here the limits of psychology begin to be apparent. Is it not desirable that everyone believe himself to be a moral man? Is it not catastrophic when men do not? Is it not misleading to imply that this moral self-image is a dirty little secret?)

The limits of duty liberalism have been mercilessly revealed by blacks and radical whites over the past several years, to the point where the entire phenomenon has come to seem reprehensible. The most serious criticism has been that duty liberals, unable to sympathize with alien groups, approach these people condescendingly. The duty liberal is also less than fully committed to the cause. He is an unreliable ally, easily driven from the field by failure, rebuffs from those he is trying to help, or intimidations by those he is fighting against. He also has a vested interest in believing that progress has occurred even when it has not, since this increases his self-esteem and lightens his responsibility.

The unmasking of duty liberalism has made way for the era of guilt liberalism, which readily shades into a kind of radicalism. To an extent this has meant a change of personnel—the eclipse of old-line liberal leaders and the sudden emergence of white New Leftists virtually unknown a few years ago. To an extent also it has been accomplished by the conversion of many people from duty liberalism to guilt liberalism, either through the pursuit of fashion or the genuine discovery of hidden feelings of guilt. (Some duty liberals also pursue the guilt mentality by rote—repeating the requisite concepts and expressing the appropriate emotions—not out of mere fashion but from a genuine wish to learn how to experience these things.)

Insofar as the expressed feelings of the guilt liberal are genuine, he may become a genuine revolutionary. Hence the charge by black militants that whites cannot be trusted, since they will return to their suburbs in times of danger, has less force now than it did a few years ago. Some whites have shown a remarkable willingness to burn their bridges. The great strength of guilt liberalism is precisely its obsessiveness, since the guilt liberal has a compulsive need to atone, and this can drive him even to cooperating in the destruction of his society and himself.

The guilt liberal also avoids the *noblesse oblige* mentality, since he regards himself as

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morally inferior to those he seeks to help. He welcomes the opportunity to make himself a mere instrument in the hands of those he has harmed.

The most serious defect of the guilt liberal is that despite his sometimes obsequious humility before the black, his fundamental aims are not only different from the black's but of a different order. The guilt liberal searches for the satisfaction of purgation and punishment, while the militant black usually seeks changes in the structures of society. (Some blacks, of course, want to punish whites as well, and then their aims may coincide with those of the guilt liberals.) On a conscious level, the guilt liberal also wants objective changes, but he has a conflicting need to follow his own psychic rhythms. (This is evidenced in some white radicals who seem to look forward with great eagerness to a coming black rebellion, oblivious to the fact that it could lead to a mass slaughter of blacks, or who romanticize ghetto life to the point where the terrible effects of injustice become positive virtues.)

Paul Goodman has pointed out that guilt is a highly unreliable and dangerous motive for action, which is why the emphasis on white guilt in the Kerner Report and other establishment papers is less than fully useful. Men obsessed by guilt are often barred from the objective assessment of the possibilities, which are of course necessary for any kind of effective politics. Guilt-ridden persons are likely to act irrationally, without thought or plan. Often they turn against those who have made them feel guilty. They also have a vested emotional interest in the exacerbation of conflict and even in prolonging injustice, since it is only by submitting to the fire of strife and endlessly reliving and then undoing their past sins that they can adequately atone.

Goodman has also suggested that many whites are probably not racists in the deepest sense. They fear and distrust blacks, but not substantially more than people always fear and distrust those who are different from themselves. Their sin against the blacks is primarily that of indifference, of willingness to acquiesce in and profit from other people's genuine racism and exploitation. Duty liberals are mainly of this kind, and the charge of "objective racism" against them at times therefore is justified. However, most duty liberals are probably not racists in any personal way. They are detached from the whole nexus of race-and-culture strife; and the currently fashionable dogma that every white liberal harbors at his core a neurotic obsession with blackness is probably not true.

If duty liberalism proved itself to be too cold and uncommitted to provide the force for real change, the steadiness of its vision is something the Left still sorely needs. Certain kinds of duty liberalism also induce a commitment more reliable and persistent than that of the New Left in that it proceeds from intellectual conviction and principle and not merely from fluctuating emotions. By and large, the New Left can be considered the farthest extension of guilt liberalism; indeed many New Leftists appear to be the guilt-liberal children of duty-liberal parents. It is in the New Left that the strengths and weaknesses of guilt liberalism emerge—the willingness to question everything and to risk oneself, along with an irrational apocalypticism reaching out for self-destruction and an obsessive concern with one's own feelings and styles.

ADULT LIBERALS are now passing through an unhealthy phase of guilt exorcism. Some who have spent decades in an honorable search for justice now cringe before the most irresponsible criticisms of the wildest sects of the New Left, and compulsively confess to whatever charges are hurled at them. Many who seemingly had principled commitments to racial integration and "bourgeois" civil liberties abandon these almost without a murmur as they are told that these ideas are objectively pernicious.

The extraordinary popularity of *The Graduate* is another sign of this public flagellation. Stripped of its trimmings the story of *The Graduate* is preposterous—a bright Ivy Leaguer is seduced by his father's partner's wife, who makes him a prisoner of obsessive lust and then turns on him violently when he falls in love with her daughter. That such things may happen in the vicinity of Los Angeles does not justify this movie as a "searing indictment of middle-class values." Yet it is not merely the young to whom this picture conveyed a mythic

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truth—many earnest, sober liberals saw themselves indicted in it. A popular record of last year—*Harper Valley PTA*—has had a similar vogue. Middle-aged clergymen were quite adept at explicating the lyrics to show how the universal depravity of the respectable town, far excelling Peyton Place in its accomplished infidelities, was immediately applicable to suburban congregations.

These popular art works serve the function of public purgation and self-punishment for many, but they are really escapist. Under the guise of radicalism and daring they cater to current fashions in an obvious way; when it is possible to be both revolutionary and chic at the same time something has gone wrong with politics.

Self-condemnation and ritual acknowledgment of guilt, whether sincere or feigned, have become for many liberals a substitute for real politics. Having convinced themselves that the System cannot be changed and having apparently been shut out from power by the Republicans, the blacks, and the New Left, older liberals now probe deeper into their own psyches to atone for their own failures. Despite the fact that I myself have been guilty of using some of the approaches I deplore, it is time for liberals to eschew psychology and to seek where in the larger world they can play a genuine political role appropriate to their capabilities and their natural human limitations, about which they need feel no undue shame.

Let's Get This Straight, Now!

DO NOT FOLLOW RECIPES ON WEATHERMAN LEAFLET IN LAST RAT!!!!!

The how-to-do-it leaflet is dangerously misleading and incomplete. Particularly dangerous is No. 1, the self-igniting Molotov. The directions ignore the need for certain preliminary knowledge and experience.

It is assumed that the home chemist knows NOT to pour Sulfuric acid (H2SO4) into metal containers. The concentration of the acid to be used is not given.

Also, of the two sources of sulfuric acid suggested, the acid from a car battery is very dilute (mild), laboratory sulfuric acid can be dilute or concentrated.

Concentrated sulfuric acid will not only completely change the recipe; it might not be enough to ignite immediately, in addition to completely dissolving the rag and burning your hand.

BEING CAREFUL IS NOT ENOUGH!

All recipes in underground papers are dangerous. It is ridiculously foolish to think that reading an article in an underground paper is enough preparation to work with any dangerous chemicals. If you're serious, you must do a lot of research, understand the principles behind the chemical reactions you cause; and learn general laboratory procedures, including techniques of getting accurate proportions, thermometer readings and temperature controls. The safety rules for the laboratory that you might have learned in high school are really true, and important to remember.

You should also have adequate safety equipment—goggles, rubber gloves, fire extinguisher—your kitchen stove is a poor substitute for a Bunsen burner. An underground paper can only be a sketchy and poor place to learn about any kind of technology, compared to a good chemistry book from the public library or school bookstore (rip one off!).

Doing "chemical experiments" is dangerous enough to require you to study up on every related area so that you are competent to deal with anything that might go wrong.

It was a serious political mistake for RAT *to print this leaflet without a postscript explaining that its contents were not checked out by the staff and were not intended as a recipe for Rat readers.*

POWER TO THE PEOPLE'S RESEARCH!!

—Rat, *May 8–21, 1970*

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David Bromwich

Hollywood Discovers "The Revolution"

AN AGE DEFINES ITSELF by the words it brings to prominence. *Idealism,* as in youthful idealism, would be such a word; and by setting it against the various kinds of action it describes one might hope to arrive at a clear view of student protest. Another such word is mentioned rather less often: *opportunism.* It is possible for opportunism, a pretty fixed quality, to insinuate itself into the unstable world of idealism and so transform it into a mess of platitudes. Starting from a purely verbal existence, these platitudes get read back into reality, only with more conviction since the readers are idealistic, and then, somehow, the end result is violence.

In the movies opportunism is the tendency to reach beyond a modest subject matter, dressing up happy domestic truths with some imagined larger significance, thus, through slick editing, to achieve counterfeit social relevance. If an unfaithful rich man gets an abortion for his mistress, you show him watching television; cut to a newsreel of Vietnamese children being napalmed; and suddenly the abortion is something . . . well, something more important. False connections of this kind do tend to destroy people's minds, though how much so it is hard to say. Of course the ideological decline of New Left politics cannot be blamed on the recent films about student revolt, for these films come late in the day, to a movement in which muddleheads like Mike Klonsky could rise to power long ago and half of SDS be caught in a trance of old-line Stalinism. Still, these Hollywood concoctions will help along the process of disintegration, and in this—how to say it?—they have their function. Show-business liberals, normally a cynical bunch, have embraced what is for them a new and burning issue; their effort to "come to grips" is a disaster, bad in politics as in art, and those who care about either ought to be properly ungrateful.

In *The Graduate,* the somewhat tame father of every subsequent film about youth, Benjamin stared vacantly into the bourgeois swimming pool owned by his parents: that was alienation. *The Strawberry Statement* doesn't go much beyond this in analyzing the sickness. "This country used to have a dream that things could be different," avers Simon, protagonist, "and now everybody's content to just sit on their ass [sic]." This is an awful specimen of lumpen-left slop, and one that left me glassy-eyed, the more so as it was given the presumptive force of revelation. Now such a lack of sophistication is not in itself unusual, for American directors have not, characteristically, treated political issues with even a moderate degree of subtlety. So that in looking at the old anti-McCarthyite films like *High Noon* and *Point of Order,* what an audience notices, right off, is in how much finer a way the documentary makes its point. And in contemplating the hackneyed moralism of Stanley Kramer, no one whose concern for moral problems carried him beyond the 100-odd minutes spent in a theater could forbear echoing the judgment of Pauline Kael: "Original Sin meets Mr. Fixit." In the past, political films were caricatures of our political life because the conflicts they portrayed were so absurdly schematic, which meant that the conclusions they reached—however much on the "right" side—looked insultingly free of doubt. The

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"revolutionary" youth films retain this element and add something new. For they propose a solution to our problems, brought to its formulation *in extremis* during the climactic scene of *Getting Straight,* where Candice Bergen sweetly entices Elliot Gould with a brick, which he then lobs through an expensive window of the building in which he has just flunked his Master's oral; a clever thing to do.

It is worth noting that *The Strawberry Statement* and *Getting Straight* both move, inevitably, toward a bloody struggle between students and police, while neither film knows (or at any rate tells) exactly why the struggle has come about. There is no concern to trace the event from its beginning, to find out where each party, student body and administration, may have gone wrong; there is only an interest in the spectacle for its own sake, the pure *frisson* of campus violence. *The Strawberry Statement,* much the less execrable film in this as in other respects, tries to give some impression of the *kinds* of issues that were involved. A strange cross between Berkeley and Columbia, these revolve around a People's Park-cum-Children's Playground, the presence of ROTC on campus, university expansion into the ghetto community, and defense contracts. Harvard comes in later for good measure, when a revolutionary harangue is heard to contain the words of Cambridge poster fame, "Strike to seize control of your life—Strike to become more human—Strike because there's no poetry in your classes," and the like. This reasoning, strike for whatever reason you can think of, has become quite common among some of the student radicals, and the makers of *The Strawberry Statement* (screenwriter Israel Horovitz; director Stuart Hagmann) were right to let it show up. But their own attitude toward the strike-without-grievance is nowhere very certain.

Their hero joins the strike casually, having been notified by his roommate that the occupied building will be "crawling with chicks," while before this the peak of his political consciousness has been marked in a brief conversation with a racist cop, terminated by the mildly amusing but not terribly cogent remark, "Mister, you're a shit." Simon is one of those who wandered into the "revolution," and as such he can be counted part of a formidable group. Toward this aspect of student radicalism—the straight-on mass conversions to the Movement—Horovitz and Hagmann are inclined to be humorous and serious alternately. Their seriousness, however, is of a kind that should not permit them to be lightheaded as well, since they do not say only, "These kids take themselves very seriously and we ought to worry about that," but also, finally, "These kids are right and we fool ourselves to laugh at them." Surely a great deal depends on the distinction between these two views, but Hagmann flirts with each of them before he decides, in the police riot with which he concludes, that he really means the second. Certainly, he takes that course thinking that the violence of those in authority must work retrospectively to justify everything the students have done, which is precisely how a politically moderate student would react. But that is hardly going to make the problem more clearly understood; it is a position taken in bad faith.

The conclusion of *The Strawberry Statement* reveals just how far its makers relied on opportunism and so were left holding a platitude, and a vicious one at that. Violence on film, it has to be said, does not necessarily produce crude answers to difficult questions. In *The Battle of Algiers* there was an astonishing scene, set inside a cafeteria in which one of the Algerian revolutionaries, a woman, had been ordered to plant a bomb. This was to be an act of terrorism directed against the civilian French—it was, in some sense, the expedient murder of innocent people. As the woman walked into the room, cautiously, and laid down her basket with its explosive, the camera went full-circle to catch the faces around the room: innocent faces, faces of children, corrupt faces. Civilians. These are the people who will be killed by the Algerian woman's act of sabotage, the camera said, and Pontecorvo did his best to make this violence complicated even while he showed, throughout his film, why it was necessary. There is nothing like this kind of seriousness in *The Strawberry Statement,* although it has a flash finale compared to which the denouement of *Easy Rider* looks like some mild flourish out of Carol Reed. The gassing is played up for all possible reminiscence of Auschwitz and the rest, with students lying on the floor submissively while the National Guard enter and with SS calm turn on a specially contrived portable indoor gas machine. It has tremendous power, this sequence, but it is power cheaply bought,

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disingenuous, and devoutly opportunist in its gory display.

Early in *The Strawberry Statement* a number of rowdy students swarm the fence of the disputed playground area and subject the policemen guarding it to a rather unfortunate hazing. (Hagmann takes a cavalier view of student as opposed to police violence, which we may pass over for the moment, noting only that he has succeeded in pleasing student audiences.) Cut into the playground scene in three or four spots is the enormous, benevolent face of a black matron laughing her delighted laugh to show how much she approves. What in the world is this black woman doing in the film? Alas, I think I know, and her face was one way, probably the most opportune (which must be *le mot juste),* to fill the space vacated by intelligent thought. "Vacated" is being charitable here, since the norm of intelligent thought which Horovitz and Hagmann establish and from which they could then depart is fairly represented by the speech about everybody sitting on his ass, already quoted in full, and by one or two others like it.

What distinguishes *The Strawberry Statement* from *Getting Straight* is its occasionally good eye for detail, even if this saving grace is altogether swamped by directorial confusion. James Simon Kunen, who contributed the title of his book to the movie, gets to appear in a nice bit of ad lib as the prospective chairman of a strike meeting, with the usual banter about somebody-might-object-to-my-chairing-the-meeting-so-let's-vote-on-it. At one point, Simon's girl friend, who wants him to quit crew, lets fly with that most useful shibboleth of campus activism, "This strike is part of something *real,*" and is met with a fitting reply: "Crew is real too." My own favorite remark is still, "I wonder if the Paris Commune was this boring," uttered by one of the force occupying the president's office. It is when detail passes out of focus that the film comes down hard on the side of the students: the university president, for instance, is never named so far as I can recall—he is the Platonic all-president, Grayson Hayakawa.

But most of the well-observed moments do not tell in favor of the students, though mixed-up intentions help to make even the best of these hard going. So I have to confess I do not know what to think of the following: A reactionary crew jock tells Simon that he has decided to join the Movement. Simon thinks of this as a joke, but his fellow athlete insists that, no, he is for real. Then the question—"Well, do you feel different?"—greeted by a nod and an off-center grin. Now the film that asks for a laugh here will be wanting you, later, to share Simon's sense of outrage when he discovers that the same friend is laid up in a hospital, having been pummelled by a gang of jocks who held, as it were, to their reactionary guns; so that the nod and grin are made in the long run to seem saintly, mystical, instead of signifying a quick grab at what was in fashion. What consistency the film does have lies in that it is equally heavy-handed in its opening shot (the hero working out for crew, framed in a long view by barbed wire) and in the closing ones (guardsmen racing up the gymnasium steps to evict protesting students, and trampling, on the way, over the university motto that reads "Truth—Liberty—Toleration").

NOT ONLY *The Strawberry Statement* but nearly all recent films involving young people, from *Goodbye, Columbus* through *Zabriskie Point,* have avoided political and social issues by rendering the young aesthetically more lovable than their elders. This is done in a variety of ways: close-up photography shows one sort of difference quite clearly, and this can be made to stand for others; then, too, adults are used pretty selectively—they tend to be vulgar *haute bourgeois* or (what is worse) vulgar *petit bourgeois,* and they are never politically enlightened, intelligent, or sexy. For his shameless indulgence in "rigging the survey," Antonioni will serve future directors as a limiting case past which films would have to be replaced by placards. Indeed, the most characteristic feature of *Zabriskie Point* was its use of billboards, though I cannot help recalling one other sequence of almost unbearable inanity: that of a middle-aged couple making their godforsaken vacation tour of landmarks, along with ice-cream-slurping little ones, the poor flabby husband decked out in plaid bermudas and sneakers with a camera dangling round his neck, and all of it set as a "foil" against the dumb but Spontaneous romp of Mark and Daria.

Antonioni was special in refusing pop music a central place in his film, which meant

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Zabriskie Point would look open-ended (like his other films) yet without having to depend on ballast material supplied by Simon and Garfunkel. The other youth movies have not worked this way, and *The Strawberry Statement* carries to a ridiculous extreme the structural carelessness—which runs into characterlessness—that has been creeping into American films since *The Graduate*. Of course there is a method to it, and it consists of opting out of all narrative difficulties by interlarding the body of the film with musically-based montages: lovers gamboling as in *A Man and A Woman,* or those wonderful ads for Olympia beer, all full of touching lyrics—"soaring in the sunshine," "wind blowing through your hair," things like that. There are signs that this technique—helped by editing à la Richard Lester—is eroding the ability of directors, and not just their option, to put together a decent narrative. And this means that the political mindlessness of films about youth corresponds to an artistic lag, induced (as it so often is) by a commercial fad. The two student genre films which it was possible to like were neither of them subject to this fad.

Lindsay Anderson's *If . . .* made not the slightest pretense of being realistic about its adult characters, even if it drew strength from the realism of its English public school atmosphere, and so one could watch the machine-gunning of grownups with no more horror than one would have reading the same type of thing, say, in Auden's *The Orators*. *La Chinoise* was something different entirely, a terribly ambitious film disguised as a bit of fluff; and of Godard it must be said that he succeeded where no other director even dared to tread, in living with and utterly submerging himself in the Maoist ideology of his characters, returning with a portrait that had no trouble being at once sympathetic and critical. As for confronting the issues, the conversation between Francis Jeanson and Godard's heroine, Veronique, is modest enough in scope, but it is done with a felicity no one else has been able to touch. That Godard has lately put himself through the rigmarole of Communist self-abasement, calling his past work bourgeois reactionary art, only tells how far he has gone toward becoming one of his own characters.

Whether this sort of author-hero identification is what went sour in *Getting Straight* would be hard to say, and certainly not worth finding out. The *auteur* in this case must be screenwriter Robert Kaufman, since nothing about the directing of *Getting Straight* separates it from the style of any number of other films. The screenplay is bristling with literary allusions, and among the contemporary American writers whom it mentions I counted Malamud, Roth, Baldwin, Salinger, and Mailer. ("Ignore him, he has no conscience," says Harry Bailey, the hero and a ruthless plagiarizer, of his own Avenger.) These references are all half-literate, and Kaufman, working out of a third-hand vogue of Leslie Fiedler, will decide comic books are not so bad by giving Harry a line such as, "I know what got me about these. It's like *Don Quixote,* Balzac . . . that nineteenth-century romanticism [sic]." On history: "It's all there in Toynbee. Suppression breeds violence." And in one of the most insipid moments ever put on film, a black woman grills Harry in bed: "Tell me what you think of James Baldwin." None of this would matter, except that *Getting Straight* is intended to depict an intellectual man's rejection of the academic life. Kaufman has given Harry a terrific quantity of florid speeches, but it never fails to be a false eloquence, and this self-declared rebel sounds like Moloch rather than Satan. It is not easy to convey the tone of these stupid little rants, though it can be said that misogyny figures in them as an important element, and that they are supposed to show Harry's progress from an immature plague-on-both-your-houses attitude to his final acquiescence in radicalism for destruction's sake, which comes to represent the only good life Left.

Perhaps it was misleading to say the directing of *Getting Straight* is without distinction, since Richard Rush does have an inverse talent for getting the right detail. Whatever you see in this film, the opposite of it will come reasonably close to the real world. Watching the crowd scenes lifelessly unwind, I found myself asking whether this director could have made his "message" film about campus life without ever setting foot in a university. For in locale as well as incident, the campus here looks to be a moderately convincing, somewhat overpacked high school. Rush has done his best to give it the tone of bustling, nervous life, yet students just do not jam the staircases in college—there are no unified class hours. Even the demonstra-

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tions manage to be profoundly boring, with nothing happening around the edges of the frame. Perhaps this is quibbling, but the film has more odious mistakes that seem part of the same phenomenon.

Before settling down to the happy spectacle of broken glass and "trashed" buildings—the destruction that goes on is such as no actual group of students has yet committed—*Getting Straight* treats the student protesters with an awful condescension. Their norm of political awareness is set by the girl who, early in the film, urges Harry to rejoin the Movement, because, she says, "in six months they'll have us all in concentration camps in Arizona"; and at this point Harry (who is mounting one of those staircases) answers to the effect of "let it wait for my orals." Being myself a sometime participant in the Movement, I know that there are girls—and boys—who talk like that, and I know also that only a very cynical cultural historian would have most of the rhetoric taking place at this level. But that is what happens in *Getting Straight,* until—in a move explicable only by the vicissitudes of his sexual life—Harry Bailey chooses to throw his rock and join the Movement, whose rhetoric is still bad. Well, there are other possible explanations: the student who reads comic books has taken Harry's advice and read *Don Quixote* and written a moving and illiterate note about it ("He be better than Batman"); and one of Harry's oral examiners has expounded a tendentious theory of homosexuality in F. Scott Fitzgerald. These events are treated as low-order epiphanies, whereby Harry learns (a) that he genuinely communicates as a teacher and as a person, and (b) that the university is no place for genuine folk. Hence the brick. Logically, no one ought to believe this film, since its makers have unwittingly portrayed Harry as a prig from the start and therefore pulled the rug out from under his rebellion. Yet the audiences seem to love it, and the worse Harry gets the more fun it is.

In both *Getting Straight* and *The Strawberry Statement,* black students keep to the periphery of the action while ideologically occupying center stage. They are seen as the exploited peoples of America and the Third World living within the campus community, and even in *Getting Straight,* where the organizer for Black Studies has a rather irritating sing-song manner, they are looked on with great respect. After seeing to what extent black power *in whatever form* is central to the version of radicalism shown in these films, would it be right, I wonder, to ask the filmmakers whether they know of the existence of Bayard Rustin, Eugene Genovese, Kenneth B. Clark, and other distinctly non-racist souls who have had reservations about Black Studies and black power from time to time? Or whether they can imagine any criticisms on their own? One wouldn't normally so interrogate a work of art, but as neither film can claim that status, they must stand or fall as propaganda. And not until specific questions are asked does one begin to see how far these films are from communing with any kind of reality—with the reality, let us say, of Black Studies at Wesleyan or Antioch. In the university of *Getting Straight,* a stodgy sort of president—good Hollywood stock—will not allow his minority group quota to increase by more than five blacks and five Mexican-Americans, and those have to be athletes. Can it be that the people who made *Getting Straight* believe this? Again, who is kidding whom?

Getting Straight has naturally attracted its set of admirers: Mr. Stanley Kauffman, writing in *The New Republic,* spoke of it as a distinguished failure that "touches some note of truth" in everything it explores, and went on to invoke Matthew Arnold on the crisis of our culture. That historical worth should be found in this hack film is regrettable, for it is above all else a work of sly anti-intellectualism. And in being dishonest about what it is up to, it differs from a film like *Easy Rider,* which had the virtue of doing the Discover America myth in an engagingly thoughtless way, with its rock music nicely fitted to the highway landscape. *Easy Rider* was mostly narcotic, though, and it asked to be indulged, not taken seriously; which meant that it was, however unintentionally, a harmless enterprise.

I should have liked to dismiss the campus films as lightweight nonsense, remarking only that *The Strawberry Statement* is a good deal less unctuous than its competitor. But as I thought of doing this, it was hard not to remember the young woman who was sobbing uncontrollably as she left the theater where *The Strawberry Statement* was being shown.

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The sight perturbed me, I have to admit; and I felt some kind of extreme resentment for the men who could make the horrible and affecting last scene of that film. God knows there is enough insanity in our political life right now, without the silly well-intending liberals who did *The Strawberry Statement* and the silly corrupt liberals who did *Getting Straight* adding to it all. Neither film belongs to the real world, and yet there are, really, frightening things happening in front of our eyes. For it is in the real world that four people were sickeningly slaughtered at Kent State University after the President of the United States called them "bums"; that decently sane protest is being drowned out by SDS; that moderate students are finding themselves trapped. And it is in the real world that the platitudes offered by these films will bear their fruit.

P.S. IT IS UNFORTUNATE that some reviewers should have considered *The Revolutionary* alongside the other campus movies, for Paul Williams directs with far greater sensitivity than his colleagues, who are more expensively publicized. For one thing, he works from a conception of film that is not borrowed from television and, for another, he is still a young man, not inhibited by the flatulence (i.e., superficial daring) of middle-aged commercial liberalism. *The Revolutionary,* I think, will survive its moment largely through the force of Jon Voight's performance.

Voight plays a quite specific character within an abstracted and falsely metaphysical structure: he has a limp and a slight stammer, yet he must be named "A." Starting off in the "Radical Committee" (SDS), he moves into something more serious called "the League" (CPUSA?) and ends up following the orders of an anticultural anarchist (Nechayev tacked onto Jerry Rubin). It is all decorated in backgrounds of anonymous-drab, and this, although it lends some conviction to the picture's try at universality, is mostly a sign of confusion, of doubt as to the actual habitat of our revolutionaries. The climax of the film comes out of a long series of heroic indirections, but when it comes it is final enough: "A" gets to have the central position in a plot to assassinate an unsympathetic judge.

Hasn't life kept up with art in a very odd way?

George Eckstein

"Cinemarxism" The Joke Falls Flat

TWO RECENT FILMS illustrate the problem of art and politics under sharply differing social circumstances. *The Joke* is a Czech film made in 1968 by Jaromil Jires who, in contrast to some of his colleagues, so far has elected to remain in his country. The other, *1 + 1*, dealing with rebellion in America, is the first English picture by Jean-Luc Godard. Apparently delayed by difficulties with the producers, it is being shown in a slightly different version under the title *Sympathy for the Devil.*

The Joke is sad and bitter, haunting the life of Ludvik Jahn, a student and later a researcher in biology. To his girl friend who had preferred a Political Training Course to the private pleasures of a vacation with him, the young student had sent a jocular postcard proclaiming: "Optimism is the opium of mankind. Healthy spirits stink of stupidity. Heil Trotsky!" This rash defiance of solemnity led to his expulsion from both the Communist Youth group and the university, a proceeding sponsored by his best friend, and then to a year in a punitive army brigade and three years of hard labor in the mines. Ever since, he has lived in a sort of private hell, diffident and aloof.

Current situations evoke in him images of the past: a communal Communist "baptism" ceremony brings back the expulsion session at the university; the joyful cooperation in a small orchestra evokes contrasting memories of harsh labor in the mine gang. Old scenes answer the new questions, often in contrapunctal fashion.

Ludvik is waiting for revenge. It comes during the "Prague Spring," when he is interviewed on his biological research by a radio interviewer who turns out to be his former friend's wife. Like the hero in Günter Grass's *Dog Years*, Ludvik decides to get even with the bastard by seducing his wife, only to learn afterwards—next joke!—that the two had already been estranged. In the end, Ludvik is

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attacked by the woman's young lover; he batters the boy savagely, only to realize—last joke—that "it wasn't you I wanted to hit." Futility forever.

The hedonistic new generation is as despicable as the cynical bureaucrats of Ludvik's own. Both enjoy power and/or the good life; they have no use for the few sensitive souls who have survived.

In an interview during the Czech spring, Jires expressed the hope "that art will be able to return to true creativity, to playfulness, to fantasy, without losing its social significance," though in the midst of shooting *The Joke* he had a foreboding "that it may already be too late." He now sees his country thrown back to a "dark age when the main artistic value is courage . . . 'tolerated' courage. . . . When art must concentrate on uncovering the diseases of society . . . art is tragically diminished."

GODARD WORKS under no such restrictions. He is free to seek out the revolutionary forces in Western society, to express openly his own revolutionary attitudes, and to experiment stylistically. In *1 + 1* he dispenses completely with any kind of action. The film is basically a pure collage of images and words—word/pun titles and slogans on walls; readings from revolutionary books, sometimes doubled with voice-overs; snatches of studio rehearsals by the Rolling Stones; political interviews, sometimes with reversed roles. (The interview is for Godard what the trial was for Brecht, which may suggest something about the transition from the time of Stalin to that of McLuhan.)

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There are still some actors, or people functioning as such, in addition to Mick Jagger and his group—mainly a group of Black Power revolutionaries and some media people. But without any action, they are confined to symbolic gestures—the passing back and forth of guns; the ritual "slaying" of three white girls by black militants; the repetitive sequence in a Nazi-pornographic bookstore; the filming of the final revolutionary attack scene on the beach; the piecemeal rehearsal of the theme song.

Godard is clearly a contemporary of McLuhan in his emphasis on the Medium. But with him the Medium is not so much the Message as it is the Actor. The human actors become its extensions, it auxiliaries. Even the Rolling Stones are, in a way, subordinated to the omnipresent, elaborate recording equipment and recording procedure. Interviews are not only given, but taped or filmed; the reading of revolutionary texts is repeated, sentence by dreary sentence, for taping; the armed black rebellion is staged for moviemaking; the slogans on walls or cars are sprayed on before our eyes. One is reminded of the way many of our radical demonstrations—most consciously those of the Yippies—have been aimed not so much at a political issue, but at their potential usability by the media.

Like the actors, the message itself is largely drained of meaning. Slogans are hidden (the he*A*rt of oc*CID*ent, b*L*ack n*OVE*l) or made into puns (Cinemarxism, Sovietcong); the reading from *Soul on Ice* and other Black Power writings often becomes pure droning, or it overlaps other sounds or activities. There are voice-overlays of pornographic or violent literature. Declamations of texts by some blacks are juxtaposed with ritual movements (gun-toting, killing) by others. The key to Godard's outlook is perhaps a phrase in one of the interviews: "The revolutionary intellectual must give up his intellect in order to remain revolutionary." In line with this statement, Godard turns the radical message into formula and gesture, until at the film's end the shot of the huge movie crane, carrying the bloody body of "Eve Democracy" with the red and black flags of Liberation planted over it, is frozen into various monochromes.

(Continued on page 590)

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Henry Pachter

Nazi with a Human Face?

INSIDE THE THIRD REICH: MEMOIRS, by Albert Speer. New York: The Macmillan Company. 596 pp. $12.50.

THE MEMOIRS of Albert Speer have received favorable, even enthusiastic notices in the English and American press, and the first question to ask is why, after 25 years, anyone still cares to read about the in-fighting among Hitler's top lieutenants, or about his megalomanic building plans, or about the effects of allied bombing on German industrial output. There probably are people of Speer's and my generation who wallow in reliving again the experience that took the best years of their lives. Such readers are interested in finding a Nazi who is literate, thoughtful, and repentant. But they ought to know that it was the American publisher who insisted that Speer must come to grips with the Jewish question.

Speer claims that in 1931, when he joined the Nazi party at the age of 26, he was not aware that Hitler was a "rabid anti-Semite." He had heard him and Goebbels speak once, but had not read *Mein Kampf*. He had engaged in political discussions with fellow students and was aware that "in order to become respectable," the Nazis had tuned down their "socialist" rhetoric, the feature most distasteful to Speer's middle-class family. Possessed of such political sophistication and confronted with the highly politicized atmosphere at the Berlin Institute for Technology, where he was an assistant, Speer, we are asked to believe, failed to notice that by 1931 Hitler had only two whipping boys: the Treaty of Versailles and the Jews. Or so Speer has convinced himself 40 years after the event.

Without doubting the sincerity of the author's contrition, I call to witness my own memory of the time: there were two Nazi dailies on display at Berlin newsstands, with banner headlines proclaiming the brave deeds of their goon squads; Hitler himself, called to testify at the trial of some S.A. murderers, had sanctioned political assassination. At Speer's Institute, Jewish students and professors were being molested. And Speer found all this embarrassing enough so that he concealed his conversion from his parents.

He gives us two reasons for this conversion: the personal impression Hitler had made on him (a leader who gave the German people hope in the midst of despair), and the promise to deliver Germany from the Communist danger. Speer implies that he approved of what he took then for the party's aim—to curb "the excessive influence of Jews upon various spheres of cultural and economic life," and continues calmly asserting that in all his letters he cannot find "any trace of anti-Semitic feelings. Had Hitler announced that he would burn down Jewish synagogues, involve Germany in a war, and kill Jews and political opponents, he would have lost me and probably most of his adherents." Since the last part of this statement must be considered sincere and perhaps true for 90 percent of the Nazi membership, its first part gives us an important clue to the question that Speer does not answer: why did the "nonpolitical," normally docile and authority-prone German middle class turn into militant followers of a putschist demagogue? A revolution is made not only by those who are activists but also by those who are not bothered by its excesses. If Speer, as he claims, trusted the bourgeois nationalists to tame their Nazi allies, why did he join the latter and not the former? The truth is, if we go by my memory and not Speer's, that people under 30 in the last years of the Weimar Republic—years of depression and political con-

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fusion—were looking precisely for revolutionary or at least pseudorevolutionary solutions.

Hitler promised to "tear up the Treaty of Versailles"; since Germany had already stopped paying reparations, this could mean only rearmament and reconquest of the lost territories. He promised to "smash the system." It is simply impossible to believe that it was just failure to do the necessary research which prevented Speer from finding out that Hitler "was committed to a system of authoritarian rule and intended to eliminate democratic processes." All his propaganda was based on the *promise* of authoritarian rule and on contempt of that democracy which he held responsible for Germany's misfortune and the "excessive influence of the Jews." If Speer was fascinated by Hitler's rhetoric, it was precisely because he felt that here was a man who "with seductive simplicity attacked the complexity of our problems" and projected himself as the hero whose sword would cut through parliamentary inaction.

IF SUCH A BOOK is to be helpful at all, it must increase our understanding of the process by which young people come to be alienated from society. Speer claims that he joined the Nazi party "frivolously" and thought that he acquitted himself of further political obligations by paying the monthly dues, unaware he had made a pact with the devil, which would cost him, all of Germany, and mankind dearly. His fall, he wishes to believe, was as much an accident as the loss of virginity during a party, and perhaps even less conscious, less pleasurable, and less painful. He errs. His alienation from traditional German middle-class values must have begun at an earlier date: when he forgot what Dr. Faustus's famous pact really involved. As Marlowe, Goethe, and Thomas Mann have made painfully clear, the pact's meaning is based on Faust's *awareness* that he wagers the salvation of his soul on the attainment of earthly power.

Speer pleads exactly the opposite: that he was not aware of any wager. I believe him implicitly; for all I know about the Nazis, they felt that Hitler was not taking their soul but giving them one. In modern language: they felt "liberated," and the corresponding word, *befreit,* was constantly in their mouths.

The American reviewers have dramatized this mistaken simile of the Pact with the Devil; they have interpreted Speer's story as the tragedy of a mere technician who fulfills a job without asking the reason why. But this is simply not so. Speer was sufficiently close to Hitler and the whole crowd to know their reasons, and up to a certain date he approved of them. He was convinced that Hitler was right in occupying Czechoslovakia, in attacking Poland, Holland, Norway, Denmark, France, Russia, the United States. When the highest generals conspired to make an end of it, he was not among them, though as minister in charge of munitions he knew the war was lost, and though he tells us that by that time he had lost his illusions about Hitler. But all the conspiring he did engage in was aimed at other advisers of the Fuehrer, especially his Adjutant Bormann; and occasionally his allies were Goering and Goebbels. The need to do away with Hitler only occurred to Speer in the last days of the Thousand Year's Realm, when the mad dictator decided to take the German people as a whole down into his doom. Only then did it dawn on Speer that he had served a mad dream. As long as Hitler seemed to make the German people great, Speer found him a bore but not mad. Only then did it dawn on him that he had indeed made a pact with the devil —the devil within himself.

Speer was the only Nuremberg defendant who admitted his guilt and who felt the trial was just. It does honor to him that he tried to take the guilt upon himself and to spare the German people the indictment of collective guilt. He has atoned by serving a 25-year jail sentence. He has used his enforced leisure in writing this book in which he tries to face himself; the effort is impressive, and the confession bears the marks of conscious sincerity. I have pointed out that at critical points the author deceives himself. He may be forgiven for dramatizing himself: there was no pact with the devil, no great sacrifice, only the failure of a scheme that had nothing in it of tragedy; the man Speer, a young architect to whom Hitler gave a chance to rebuild whole cities, merely shows the banality of evil. And the banality is amply proven by the gory architecture of the Third Reich, samples of which illustrate the book.

There would be nothing to discuss any

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further, had not the reviewers believed and repeated the "Pact with the Devil" story. Why should people who might have ended in the gas oven now admire the man who might have sent them there? Why do editors not ask one of Speer's slave laborers to review his book? Are we already in the mood of forgetting and forgiving? In retrospect, much that was dirty becomes grandiose, history as lived becomes History as written. Hitler's mad fantasies become grandiose building plans, and the banal little man with the Chaplin moustache and his banal architect, figures of a tragedy. This desire to dramatize the story is quite understandable; people cannot bear the idea that such enormous crimes should have been committed by such ordinary people. Their imagination must therefore endow them with meaning. That all this suffering might not even have significance is apt to drive a normal person crazy. The nightmare which in 1940–41 seemed so close to becoming reality, that Hitler might win the war, would seem to become bearable if at least he were the Antichrist, and his servants more than ordinary people.

IT IS PRECISELY HERE that Speer's evidence lets us down. Reading his memoirs, one simply does not understatnd what fascination Hitler held for his entourage, some of whom were intelligent people, and for a nation that had boasted of its culture. We are prepared to read about a maniac, such as raves in the pages of Rauschning's memoirs, or a leader endowed with a certain instinct for people and situations, as he emerges from the diaries of Goebbels. But we are utterly unprepared for the dullard whom Speer introduces to us.

Even the Eichmann whom Hannah Arendt has described as the embodiment of banality is more interesting: at least he is fanatically devoted to his job; he has not sold his soul but has surrendered it to the machinery of destruction. One imagines Eichmann being pursued in his dreams by devices to make his job more efficient, expediting the liquidation. One imagines a Stalin, another nonentity who had to play a historical role, pondering over whom else he must send to Siberia or before a firing squad. Nothing of the sort with Hitler. As Speer shows him to us in many intimate glimpses, he is an *artiste manqué* whose taste in styles dates back to the end of the last century; a faithful suitor to Miss Eva Braun; a vainglorious impostor who rehearses a few measurements of weapons in order to impress a general; a man incapable of making the decision that in war the German people must tighten their belts. The world felt threatened by a nincompoop just lucky enough to meet enemies wishing to be scared. And the cronies around him were not clever organizers, but the most ludicrous gang of thieves.

Maybe this correction of the heroic-tragic view of History is necessary; but this degree of intimacy is below the level of history. Speer's picture sins in the other direction; it makes the Nazis human, all-too-human, perhaps not very edifying specimens of the species but, nevertheless, subjects for a comedy. Among them the equally human, misled, mistaken and blinded but recuperated Speer, a much wiser man now 25 years later; thus all human beings may be misled and but for the grace of God there go I. The book appears at a moment when everybody seems to be in the mood to forgive and forget. Twenty years after his death, Caesar was no longer the tyrant but the great statesman. Thirty years after the revelations of Khrushchev, Stalin will again be revered as the leader who made Russia greater than ever before. Fifty years after his death, Hitler may be seen as the builder who wanted nothing so much as give Europe a new and big capital. It is no comfort to know that Hitler had no capacity for work, that his conversation was tedious, and that he wasted his time looking at Grade B movies. Nor is it a relief to learn that Hitler himself did not believe in the race theories but merely used them to rationalize his drive for power. (Again: how does Speer square this bit of inside information with the fact that Hitler did exterminate people whom he considered of lower race?) We are given a valet's view of a rogue; but Hegel added to the well-known proverb about heroes and their valets: this is so not because there are no heroes but because valets are valets. The many memoirs in which valets describe their masters have deprived us of our knowledge that, for better or worse, for good or evil, for effectiveness or failure, historical individuals must be understood and interpreted not merely as humans but alsc on a level somewhat different from the merely human.

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Deena Rosenberg

Student Politics, Harvard Style

PUSH COMES TO SHOVE: THE ESCALATION OF STUDENT PROTEST, by Steven Kelman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 287 pp. $5.95.

AMID THE CACOPHONY of both self-congratulation and enraged assault, which marks discussion of student politics, Steven Kelman's book is notable for reason, coherence, and a degree of detachment. It deals specifically with the Harvard disorders of April 1969, much of it in the form of a diary; it also offers some general opinion about student politics.

Breaking past the fanciful monolith of "the students" constructed both by apologists for and enemies of student politics, Kelman describes three broad categories that made up the "confrontation coalition" at Harvard: the radicals, the alienated, and the moderates. Between the author's freshman and junior years, most of the Harvard New Leftists abandoned their earlier defense of "participatory democracy" in favor of something like authoritarian elitism. When the blow-up came at Harvard, the core of New Leftists was joined by the alienated or "oppressed" students, who had little commitment to any politics but were emotionally ready to join with the radicals. The moderates, by far the largest of the three groups, joined the action largely, suggests Kelman, because of guilt over their own inertia.

Kelman also discusses why the university was singled out as the target of student hostility. By this point, SDS rhetoric had reached an extreme of "revolutionary" self-incitement, and new activities were constantly needed in order to maintain the momentum of fervor built up among its members. As for the "alienated," they were drawn to the action because it attacked the institution they saw as their oppressor. The moderates, when they joined the strike, felt they were acting not to wreck the university but to attain certain immediate reforms. Kelman shows in some detail how the three groups were enabled to form a temporary alliance that rocked the university, even though each group felt uneasy with the other two and had little real community of outlook or interest with them.

From his examination of the details, Kelman proceeds to argue that the Harvard action, like a good many others, was based on a confused apprehension of the true interests of students. An atmosphere of free discussion and the interplay of ideas, such as by and large prevails in universities like Harvard, is not helpful to the corporate establishment; taking over buildings and risking backlash from within and without the university is contrary to the goals of all but a minority of ultra-left students.

Analyzing further a tendency toward elitist disdain for democratic procedures among leftist students—an analysis that follows the lines generally put forward by the Young Peoples Socialist League, in which he is a leading figure—Kelman comes to, but cannot resolve, this dilemma: how to reconcile his depressing observations of the Harvard scene with his hope that students *can* be part of a movement for democratic social change. He is skeptical as to whether any group—in this case, the students—will or can be politically effective in the long run, if its material interests aren't deeply involved. He thinks the left-wing students may even, involuntarily, turn many Americans to the Right. Sometimes his frustration with student activists leads him to lash out harshly at all students, and he seems to forget that students are not the major impediment to social change in America. Then he does remember more positive aspects of student participation and praises young people for their idealism. But clearly he is torn between his desire to build an effective movement—effective beyond the narrow confines of the academy—and his disenchantment with current student activity.

If I am not quite as pessimistic as Kelman, it is because I don't entirely agree with his major explanation for the limits of student effectiveness. Movements for social change, if they are to achieve significant results, must be based on the interests of a particular group or class, yet idealism also plays its part in human progress. How else explain the many socialists who came from upper-class backgrounds? Or the politics of someone like Kelman himself?

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Since his book was written, developments on some campuses indicate that students are growing sick of New Left jargon. After the Cambodian invasion, SDS efforts to turn the students toward attacking the universities were often rebuffed, for many students understood, at least momentarily, that they had to participate seriously in the politics of the country as a whole.

Intelligent, wry, and well written, Kelman's book emerges as a strong voice for a democratic campus radicalism. It is a book worth admiring for sentences like this one: "I know that the road to socialism does not pass by way of the destruction of Harvard."

Norman Hill

Black Nationalism— Dead End or Panacea?

THE REDISCOVERY OF BLACK NATIONALISM, by Theodore Draper. New York: Viking Press. 211 pp. $5.95.

THEODORE DRAPER, who has concentrated his considerable talents on many different subjects —from Vietnam and the Middle East to Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and the American Communist party—has now turned his attention to the subject of black nationalism. The result is the best history of black nationalism in America that has yet been written.

The virtue of *The Rediscovery of Black Nationalism* is not only that it provides a historical perspective from which to view the contemporary black nationalist movement, but also that it probes the contradictions and fantasies inherent in the idea of a separate black nation. The great irony, which Draper implies throughout his study, is that the passionate search for historical precedents that is undertaken today by the nationalists can never confirm their beliefs. On the contrary, history reveals black nationalism to be little more than a gesture of repudiation—a powerful gesture, no doubt, and one that is emotionally appealing to many Negroes. But ultimately, black nationalism is incapable of pointing a way to the improvement of the Negro's social and economic condition in America.

This last statement should be taken as self-evident since black nationalism, by definition, is not interested in the well-being of Negroes *within America*. Indeed, its defining characteristic is the belief that Negroes need a state of their own. Herein lies the pathos of black nationalism, for, as Draper points out, a separate black nation is a fantasy that exists in the minds of Negroes who have been unable to reconcile themselves to their identity as Americans. And it has not been only a black fantasy. The founders of the early colonization societies were whites, and today there are white segregationists—reactionaries in some cases, and conscience-striken liberals in others—who would like to wish away the hard reality that America is a multiracial society.

The appeal of black nationalism lies in the escape it offers from a difficult world and from the challenge of changing it. And, of course, this also explains its futility as a political creed. Black nationalism has never taken firm roots among Negroes because it has never been able to produce any results. The "Back to Africa" movements have always been more outlets for frustration than actual movements of population, and the deluded few who still believe that a separate black nation can be created in the United States, Draper's chapter on "the land question" should bring back to reality.

The fact that the vast majority of Negroes has not embraced nationalism, and the outrageous impracticality of the creed itself, have caused even avowed nationalists to compromise their faith. Thus, the careers of men like Martin R. Delaney, Marcus Garvey, Elijah Muhammad, and Malcolm X are filled with inconsistencies that derive from the same source—their desire to better the condition of Negroes is ultimately incompatible with nationalism as a political doctrine. Nationalism, therefore, was only a passing phase of Delaney's career, Garveyism became little more than an unsuccessful experiment in black capitalism, Elijah Muhammad has called upon the United States

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government to provide equal employment opportunities for blacks, and Malcolm, towards the end of his life, called for electoral political action as a means to correct unjust conditions.

THE LIKELIHOOD is that the force of reality will have its effect on today's young nationalists as well. The simple fact that masses of blacks are involved in the struggle for equality should temper whatever nationalist tendencies exist, because the need to deal with reality—finding allies in the white community, electing public officials sympathetic to the Negro cause, fighting for new laws and programs—will counteract the impulse to indulge in fantasy. Draper is entirely correct in pointing out that it is still too early to assess the real strength of the present black nationalist movement. "The returns are far from all in," he writes, "and it would be well to wait another five years before making any judgment on what black Americans really want. . . ." My own feeling is that despite the agonizing pressures under which so many blacks live, Negroes as a whole are too *sensible,* too concerned with their own self-interest, to reject realistic political strategies for the flamboyant and self-destructive activities of such groups as the Black Panthers. In the end, Negroes are like other Americans in that they desire simply a better life for themselves, "a place in the sun," as Malcolm put it, and such a goal can only be achieved if Negroes enter *and influence* the mainstream of American political life.

A WORD TO BLACK STUDENTS *(continued from page 496)*

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burden it simply could not bear. It was far more interested in pursuing its own commercial interests than in advancing the welfare of Negroes in the South and, of course, the North also suffered from the disease of racism. All hope for black equality collapsed when Northern Republicans worked out a compromise with Southern Democrats in the disputed election of 1876. The Southern Whigs agreed to let the Republicans retain control of the White House, in return for which federal troops were withdrawn from the South and large subsidies were provided for the construction of the Southern railroad system. The Compromise of 1876 initiated the darkest period in the history of American Negroes. The system of Jim Crow was established and lynchings and terrorism became commonplace as poor Southern whites, embittered by poverty, were encouraged to unleash their wrath upon Negroes.

Things have not yet reached that stage today, but the parallels are frightening. The Southern strategy of the Nixon administration is based upon the same principle as the Compromise of 1876: namely, that Northern Republicans and Southern conservatives share common interests and together can rule this nation. I do not think it is possible to condemn too harshly what the President has done in the South in order to form this alliance. Indeed, I can think of no recent President who has more blatantly sacrificed the ideals of equality and racial justice for his own political ends. Nor is Nixon simply riding the wave of reaction. He is encouraging that reaction, for he knows that he became President because of divisions in the society, and that it is in his interest that these divisions grow wider. More specifically, he wants to see another antiblack Wallace vote in 1972, only this time he wants it cast for himself. This is the prime motivation behind the President's opposition to the extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act, his nominations of Haynsworth and Carswell to the Supreme Court, and his clear message to Southern segregationists that the federal government will not oppose any efforts to roll back whatever advances had been made in school integration. By means of such acts he has helped foster a mood of confrontationism and racial hostility. He has profoundly and perhaps permanently alienated blacks, he has put the white moderates of the South on the defensive, and he has given a go-ahead signal to the reactionaries.

What worries me most about the present situation is that there has been a decline in the effectiveness of some of the forces that have traditionally held reaction at

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bay. In the case of the South, we have already seen how the federal government, formerly an ally in our struggle, has contributed to the resurgence of conservatism. Nationally, the progressive coalition of blacks, liberals, and the trade-union movement, which has been responsible for the major social advances since the New Deal, is now weakened by internal divisions. In part this is due to conflict between blacks and lower-middle-class whites. This conflict has probably been exaggerated in the press, but a disturbing amount of it *does* exist, primarily because of economic competition between the two groups. Such competition can be reduced to a minimum if an expanding economy provides enough opportunities for everybody. But today, partly as a result of the Nixon administration's disastrous economic policies, we are in a recession. Consequently, the likelihood is that there will be an increase in racial tension which will further eat away at the unity of the progressive coalition.

Finally, the dramatic events of the last few years seem to have totally disoriented a sizable portion of the liberal community. Many liberals have lost a sense of purpose and direction. The traditional goals of integration and the expansion of the welfare state are no longer thought to be feasible or even desirable. But they have found no goals to replace the ones they have cast aside, with the result that they have become politically immobile. A number of theories have been created to give this mood a forward-looking image, but it is really little more than an accommodation to the new conservatism.

BY NO MEANS do I want to give the impression that the situation is hopeless. There is a tendency today to anticipate the apocalypse. Such ideas are sheer indulgence, because even if there were any truth to them—and I do not believe there is—it would be our duty to act so as to prevent the worst from happening rather than to enable the fulfillment of our prophesies. Such moods can be harmful, for, as George Orwell has pointed out, "an effect can become a cause, reinforcing the original cause and producing the same effect in an intensified form, and so on indefinitely. A man may take to drink because he feels himself to be a failure, and then fail all the more completely because he drinks." Our struggle is too important, there is still so much that remains unaccomplished, that it would be a grave error were we to indulge in this "end-of-the-world" chatter.

The situation is not hopeless. There are progressive forces at work in American society that did not exist in 1876. There is, first of all, the militant desire for racial justice, which is shared by countless numbers of young blacks like yourselves. In the words of the civil-rights song, I don't think that anybody is going to turn you 'round—not now, not after we have come so far. Then there is the black vote, which in both the North and the South has become a major new factor in American politics. This vote has increased not only in numbers but also in sophistication, and in addition to the gains it has already won for blacks, it exercises a restraining influence on the scope and effectiveness of anti-Negro forces. The problems George Wallace had in the Alabama primaries should make this point eminently clear.

Last, there is the trade-union movement which, though much maligned from both Right and Left, remains the strongest bulwark against reaction. Let us be very clear that the civil-rights forces alone could not have defeated Haynsworth and Carswell. They succeeded only because they were allied with the trade-union movement, and it is this alliance, based upon mutual interest between blacks and labor, which offers hope for future progress.

Thus, there are factors working both for and against the achievement of full racial equality. In a very real sense, we are at a crossroads. If Mr. Nixon succeeds in carrying out his Southern strategy, then the commitment to equality, on which America defaulted almost 100 years ago, will again be deferred to some future

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time. And if he fails, then we will be provided with an opportunity to resolve once and for all a central dilemma of American life—the relationship of blacks to American society and, in an even more profound sense, their relationship with themselves. Our task is to see to it that he fails.

If we are to have any hope of accomplishing this task, it is essential that we make an important distinction between issues of politics and problems in psychology. We should see this as a distinction between what we do in order to influence the political and economic relations in the society and what, in a more personal way, we do to achieve self-knowledge and identity. Now I do not think that these are hard and fast categories that totally exclude one another. A just society certainly encourages a healthy psychology, and individuals can find personal fulfillment through political involvement. But I think we must make this distinction, because in periods of great social upheaval—and we are living through such a period—there is a tendency to politicize all things, including scholarship, art, friendship, and love. The most extreme form of this total politicization is totalitarianism, a stage we have not yet reached. But even a moderate form of it can be dangerous since it can lead to a politics so preoccupied with psychological issues that the goals of political action are obscured and even rendered unobtainable.

AS YOU WELL KNOW, a great cultural revolt is taking place among many young black Americans. Young blacks are striking down the traditional symbols of racism. They are taking new pride in their cultural heritage and are demanding to be accepted as full and equal human beings. I think this is an exciting and creative social phenomenon, but it raises three political problems, which we must analyze carefully.

•The first is that in some instances the cultural revolt includes a demand for racial separatism, which is entirely self-defeating from a political standpoint. Translated into political terms, the cultural revolt too often expresses itself as a desire for self-determination. Now this is a very complex issue, with which A. Philip Randolph tried to deal almost 30 years ago. At that time, he acknowledged that "the Negro and the other darker races must look to themselves for freedom. Salvation for a race, nation, or a class must come from within. Freedom is never granted; it is won. Justice is never given, it is exacted." But Mr. Randolph did not mean that blacks should isolate themselves from broader political movements in the society. He followed that statement with these words of caution: "But Negroes must not fight for their liberation alone. They must join sound, broad, liberal, social movements that seek to preserve American democracy and advance the cause of social and religious freedom."

This should indicate a political principle that we must never forget. As long as blacks constitute only 11 percent of the population, any go-it-alone strategy is bound to fail. Separatism can only aid Nixon's Southern strategy which is designed to build a conservative majority on the basis of hostility to blacks. In this sense separatism is the opposite of self-determination, because it can lead only to the continued subjection of blacks. Real self-determination can only be achieved by a unified black movement joining with other progressive social forces to form a coalition that represents a majority of the population. We must keep this in mind, if we are to prevent the black cultural revolt from playing into the hands of white conservatives and segregationists who are the very worst enemies we have.

•A second problem is that the cultural revolt has been accompanied by a growing tendency to justify, and sometimes engage in, violence as a form of political struggle. A clear distinction must, of course, be drawn between the violence of the oppressor and the reactive violence of the oppressed. Morally, the former is more

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reprehensible than the latter. But we must also judge the use of violence by the oppressed from a *political* standpoint. The question here is whether violence is an effective form of political struggle.

I think it can be demonstrated that for a racial minority the use of violence is not only politically ineffective but counterproductive and even suicidal. Who benefits when blacks engage in violence? Do blacks benefit, or do George Wallace, Spiro Agnew, John Mitchell, and Richard Nixon? I ask this question rhetorically, since it should be clear that violence can do nothing more than produce a reaction against blacks that will strengthen our enemies and thereby make it impossible to achieve the things we so badly need. In the end it is not the black community that stands to gain from some of the more extreme activities of the Black Panthers and similar groups; it is the people who call for more police and less social spending. The problem is not only that violence obstructs the achievements of social change by strengthening the Right; it also obscures the very meaning of social change by offering the desperate adventures of a few "revolutionaries" as an alternative to the mobilization of political majorities, and by making it appear that killing a cop is a serious alternative to full employment. I am not here discussing the motives of young blacks who preach violence. But I do call into question the effects of their actions. If we are to think strategically about eliminating racial injustice, then we should not be satisfied with an approach that results in aggravating our problems.

•Finally, the third problem raised by the cultural revolt is that it has been exclusively preoccupied with racial issues and has thus tended to ignore other issues that are also vitally important. Ralph Ellison has written of his "struggle to stare down the deadly and hypnotic temptation to interpret the world and all its devices in terms of race." He wrote this as an artist who has devoted his life to portraying human reality in all its complexity. I would like, if I may, to apply Ellison's idea to the economic situation of black Americans today.

It goes without saying that Negroes are brutalized by racial prejudice and discrimination. What is not often remembered, however, is that were we to eliminate racism today we would have solved only part of the problem, and perhaps not even the major part. The fact is that we live in a society that not only tolerates a relatively high level of unemployment, but is willing to increase that rate in order to combat inflation. Automation is eliminating thousands of jobs that were held by both whites and blacks. This problem does not spring from blackness but from a technological revolution that has affected all poor people regardless of their race. We might psychoanalyze racism out of all the prejudiced white people in the country, but until we are willing to accept the principle that every able-bodied man or woman has the right to a decent and well-paying job, we shall not have begun to attack the economic roots of racial injustice. We need a social and economic program that will wipe out poverty, and we need that far more than we need pure white hearts. I do not mean to disparage the attack on racism, but if we do only that, we shall provide an out for those whites who are far more interested in "giving a damn" about impoverished blacks than in doing the economically more uncomfortable things that could eliminate hunger and deprivation.

I emphasize these economic problems for a special reason. You are part of an intellectual elite among blacks. As such, it is extraordinarily important that you not lose touch with the problems and aspirations of the great mass of blacks who are not part of this elite. In order to do this you must guard against the possibility of becoming concerned only with intellectual, cultural, and racial issues while the problems of lower- and working-class blacks remain economic. These millions of black people do not have the choice of withdrawing into the kind of concerns, sometimes mere fantasies, which are now prevalent among certain elements of the black intel-

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ligentsia, and until they do have that choice, it is your responsibility to fight for programs that will enable them to achieve full economic justice.

I think it is also your responsibility, especially those of you who will go on to graduate work and university teaching, to protect the intellectual integrity of the university. In *The Souls of Black Folks,* W. E. B. DuBois wrote that the function of the university is above all "to be the organ of that fine adjustment between real life and the growing knowledge of life, an adjustment which forms the secret of civilization." You must help it perform that function, particularly in the controversial field of black studies. The study of the black experience in America is so vital to an understanding of our country and our people that it must attract scholars of the very highest intellectual eminence. We must not permit this promising area of study to become a refuge for charlatans more skilled at intellectual intimidation than investigation. For this reason it is essential that those students and faculty members who are committed to upholding the scholarly standards of black studies firmly refuse to accommodate anyone who would debase them.

WE ARE LIVING in a time of such rapid change that we must continuously redefine our terms and reassert those principles which seem to hold some truth. I do not regard as radical or progressive any black person who does anything that strengthens the forces of conservatism. I therefore do not regard as radical those who talk of separatism, however loud may be their words and however militant and controversial their actions. For all practical purposes, they stand with the opponents of our struggle. I do not regard as radical those who advocate violence only to bring about repression. I do not regard as radical those who moralize about the evils of white society, if at the same time they do not present a program that can solve the problems of black society. Nor are they radical who assume a revolutionary posture, but who then propose nothing more than an escape from American political reality and from the grinding social struggles that we must participate in. The real radical is that person who has a vision of equality and is willing to do those things that will bring reality closer to that vision. And by equality I do not mean "separate but equal," a phrase created by segregationists in order to prevent the attainment of equality. I mean equality based upon an integrated social order in which black people, proud of their race and their heritage, shall have no door closed to them.

In such a social order there will no longer be walls, representing fear and insecurity, to separate people from one another. Such walls, whether constructed by whites or by blacks, are built to oppress and repress, but never to liberate. I admit that most likely we will not achieve such equality next month, or next year, or even in this decade. But it is a goal that we must hold ever before us, even in the darkest of times, for it not only confers dignity upon our struggle, but it should indicate to us how we must act toward one another today if we are to preserve for tomorrow the possibility of a just society.

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On Misuses of Civil Disobedience

Leonard Levin Writes

As Paul Kurtz perceived [in "Misuses of Civil Disobedience," Dissent, January–February 1970], he has written about a principle—"civil disobedience"—which is intelligible only in a wider context, the context of civil society and especially democratic society. He has argued well that civil disobedience can play a positive part in the normal workings of democratic society only if it defines itself by certain characteristics which themselves grow naturally out of democratic and social-legal principles. However, his arguments can have force only for those who already accept the democratic and social principles that are the foundations from which the principle of civil disobedience is derived as a corollary. Whoever rejects those first principles is not, strictly speaking, misunderstanding "civil disobedience" and will therefor not profit from Mr. Kurtz's instruction; he is actually on to something quite different. If the first principles are themselves in question, then let us see how and why this is so.

Mistake Number One: The abandonment of the principles of "democratic society" is not so much out of weariness with "democracy" as with the other term, "society." The argument generally proceeds: "You must do this because the majority has so decided."—"I don't care; the majority is wrong and misled; my inner human light says we should do the opposite, and it is right."—"You are elitist; you think you should be allowed to dictate to the majority; would you like to be dictated to in that way?" For the few who *do* want this dictatorial power, the argument is valid. But they are an aberrant offshoot essentially irrelevant to the central trend of the recent generation, whose response to the foregoing would probably be: "I have no desire to tell them what they must do; and by the same token, *I don't want them to tell me what I must do.*" The principle of "democracy" only relates to the question: given that decisions binding on all must be made in areas X, Y, and Z, *who* shall make those decisions—an individual, a select group, or "all" (i.e., a majority, or their representatives, or their representatives' appointees, etc.)? This is secondary to the question: *why* must those decisions be made? why must individuals be *bound* by *anyone's* decision in areas X, Y, and Z?

I do not suggest that we may come to the conclusion that social restraints are superfluous without exception. Surely we shall eventually agree that certain restraints are necessary. But we may not *assume* these a priori, for that is the substance of our social disease, to submit too readily to every species of chain. We must rather ask the question in all seriousness, so that when rational satisfaction is had that certain restraints are necessary, we shall rationally accept them; and if that satisfaction cannot be had in other instances, we shall know what to infer from that.

But the restraints are present, first of all. Second, a majority supports those restraints and will for my lifetime (let us suppose). Third, the restraint is so momentous as possibly to diminish my life by five-sevenths of its natural term (and five-fifths of the adult portion thereof). If I question whether this restraint has any moral validity at all, I clearly am not questioning the principles of "democracy" (i.e., majoritarian decision-making) but of "society" (i.e., the social body's exactions on its members).

Mr. Kurtz must surely see, if he considers it properly, that the Hobbesian argument won't work here, for society may be a greater threat to my existence than that from which it pur-

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ports to rescue me. But even if I concede that Hobbes is right, this is a bleak picture indeed of what social affiliation must be. "Choose Our authority without qualification, or unredeemed Chaos; if you choose Us, then as long as We are one whit better to you than that Chaos, you must admit that you chose rightly and owe Us gratitude." But we have not even this much choice in fact, for the minute we are born, we are regarded (by virtue of what?) as having entered a social contract and accepted all its obligations. But a contract must be chosen, and a choice must have an alternative—and the only alternative to this contract is *not to be born.*

So the child is born. He grows up under the "contract" and finds it more and more distasteful; he says, "I object." His elders interpret this for him: "You have a minority opinion as to what the contract terms shall be; it is for you to present this in forum so that you may win a majority to your point of view and change terms." But this is not what he wants to do, for changing the contract terms would impose a different contract on 200 million people, literally *impose* it on the 50 million who voted against the new terms. What validates this? "By agreeing to abide by majority rule when you are in the minority, you thereby win the right to have your way when you are in the majority." "To have your way" really means to have it that way for 200 million. But why on earth should he want 200 million to obey his will? It is an empty reward, hardly worth the sacrifice of his free will. He would much rather obey his own will even if this goes against the grain of the general will, and for this precious gift of personal freedom he will allow others to do their preference without consulting his will in advance. Thus, "I object" refers not to the specific contract terms but to the contract itself. "If you are presenting this as a contract, I decline to enter into it." And it then becomes clear that no contract is meant, but something of a different character.

In this context, what passes today for "civil disobedience" is a protest against the tyranny of a society which makes ever greater and more specific demands on the individual's existence while at the same time mockingly offering to submit every jot and tittle to the bar of "majority decision," with the proviso that if the majority upholds the status quo, it is not only right but *the epitome of freedom.* (To illustrate by absurdity: if the majority chooses to sell every tenth nineteen-year-old into slavery, this is freedom because democratically arrived at.) On discovering that the validity of the so-called contract is at best questionable, one will negate it through symbolic action which is primarily cathartic and thus directed at oneself, not at "them." (Hence the indifference as to whether communication with "them" is achieved.) One takes over a college building, as if to say: "Why did I ever suppose that 'they' owned this building as of right, and by that right set the rules whereby I must live without choice? But let me regard my life as my own, unruled by 'them,' and let me similarly ask whether I haven't as much right to this building as 'they.' " * Thus one denies the established rules utterly and regards all rules as relative. Relative to what? To persons; each person sets up his own rules, determined by his own interest. Or if one wants to be a Marxist, all rules are relative to class. (Yet for Marx, the rules of one class would become universal as that class became the prime mover of history; we, on the other hand, are in need of developing supra-class rules for mediating between eternally conflicting interests and are thus denied the luxury of subjectivity.)

If taken to solipsism ("I make the rules"), this approach is clearly destructive. The initial scepticism ("the rules 'they' make have no moral validity") is, however, a progressive first step in the present situation. One has thus far arrived at anarchism, which is neither autocracy nor democracy: the authority which the one vests in the autocrat and the other in the majority, anarchism denies to all. Yet there can be in fact no anarchism except *maybe* in the strict political sense. The group

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* From this amnesty follows: "They" have no valid disciplinary jurisdiction over me other than that contract which they have imposed and I have not freely accepted. As for transgressing other people's rights, one must distinguish in this context between natural rights (of speech, association, etc.) and rights-by-convention (feudal rights, corporate rights, the right of any bureaucrat to perform his bureaucratic functions): the latter stand or fall with one's acceptance or rejection of the "contract" which creates and defines them.

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must impinge on my life economically, technologically, and culturally in a thousand ways for any life to be possible for me; these impingements are largely the product of other people's choices, and there must be principles whereby all these aspects of social life are regulated. A laissez-faire approach in these areas has historically resulted in the catastrophic social injustices whose effects we are still experiencing.

Yet, can we say: "The youth, who objects to the use of the federal government's authority in drafting him to fight, would nevertheless like to see that same government's power directed toward utilizing construction tools and materials rationally for meeting housing needs"? I think not; "that same government" presently taxing and redistributing the national wealth, converted in order to mobilize and put the national wealth to effective specific use, thereby recreating the public environment for public purpose, is no longer the "same government," it is a new public social contract taking over the functions we now assign to "private" corporations.

That is a far cry from anarchism, to be sure. We may be helped by regarding anarchism in dynamic terms only, and always specific to a given social order. By radically calling into question the moral validity of the current social order, by saying that (and acting as if) its authority is no valid authority but merely the consequences of its power, we create the possibility of a genuine social contract to which we can give active assent and not mere grudging acknowledgment. Only by fully shaking ourselves of the preconceived notions inherent in the present social forms can we reach the point of conceiving a new social contract that will properly express the genuine needs of our living together in this world.

ISN'T THIS WHAT WE NEED? Haven't the present rules, through bureaucratization, become self-perpetuating and self-aggrandizing ends in themselves instead of servants of men's purposes? Aren't the "silent majority" happy servants of the artifacts typified by the American flag, the Pentagon, SSS, CIA, FBI, NASA, AT&T, etc., instead of proud masters of their lives? Wouldn't any answer to life's issues which was expressed in terms of these artifacts be itself bound by them—wouldn't any approach to *current problems* perpetuate those problems, inasmuch as the "problems" arise in the context of bureaucratic structures *which are themselves the real problem* and are perpetuated as long as we define our problems in terms of them?

Whoever grants this much thereby grants that arguing the *terms* of the contract is pointless: one does not choose to enter this contract but seeks a new one.

Paul Kurtz Replies

WE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL to Mr. Levin for focusing on an anarchist point of view that is reaching epidemic proportions today. He is to be commended because his comment, in my judgment, enables us to see clearly the fallacies and dangers involved in that position—though this undoubtedly is unintended by him. The issues he raises are not merely theoretical exercises, but have immense practical significance.

Mr. Levin, like many others, wishes to defend the moral right of civil disobedience against a social contract that he says he has neither entered into nor wishes to affirm, and that he accordingly finds unjust. But the social contract theory is predicated upon a fiction, and everyone who understands the theory understands *that*. The contract does not assume historical fact; rather it presents a moral justification in support of an individual's obligation to obey a system of laws: without *some* regulation of social life, individual life would be impossible. This is so obvious that it would hardly seem to need argument, and moral considerations apply not only to the need (negative) for protection of individuals against violence, but to the contribution (positive) to the good of individuals and the general welfare.

If one is committed to the democratic ethic, one believes that society should leave to individuals the widest latitude of freedom of

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choice. Individuals should be permitted as far as possible to plan their own lives and careers, to develop their own visions and destinies, to express their unique talents and tastes. Yet *some* social rules and regulations are necessary for the good life. Mr. Levin does not deny this. How can he? The question is, *how* shall we decide which rules and regulations shall govern our lives and what is the degree of restraint that society will impose.

Rule by majority is one method among others of social rule-making. Majorities are fallible, not sacred; they make mistakes; they may be mediocre and lumbering. Yet majoritarianism entails fewer risks than other methods of legislation, particularly in the political and civil context.

I grant that our society is overbureaucratized, often corrupt, and that its institutions are in need of reform. But how shall we achieve this end? By a total act of civil disobedience toward all the institutions of society, as Mr. Levin advocates, or by the patient rebuilding of them through the development of new democratic majorities?

I would defend majority rule basically on moral grounds. This is what I tried to do in my article, "The Misuses of Civil Disobedience." The social contract that I am interested in is one in which social policies are arrived at by the widest number of people.

One can approach the problem of civil disobedience in a democratic society from at least two viewpoints: from the standpoint of either the individual or of the majoritarian society. Thus we may pose two questions. First, what should be the obligation of the individual to a society if he protests the entire social system on moral grounds? And second, what should be our social policy concerning those individuals who refuse to accept the system of laws, and the legal and political framework of the society? Mr. Levin is concerned principally with the first question, but the second question raises the most disturbing problem for those committed to the democratic ethic.

MR. LEVIN has a crisis of conscience concerning his moral obligation as an individual to a majoritarian society that he doesn't accept, and he asks us to appreciate and respect his profound spiritual dilemma. But those of us committed to democratic procedures may also have a moral crisis about what to do about dissident individuals, or about minorities who disobey the basic rules and regulations of the democratic society. I am here speaking from a point of view that is committed to the democratic ethic and wishes to defend it from those who assault it. I wish to narrow my discussion only to a democratic or quasi-democratic society. As I have already pointed out, civil disobedience in its full sense only makes sense by presupposing a democratic value structure: it presupposes that individuals have a claim to respect as individuals, that they have a right to be tolerated, to be heard, and to have their views taken into account.

Mr. Levin tells us that he is not opposed to democracy per se, but only to the present society and the majority that claims to speak for it. And he has every right to be so opposed, to insist upon and work for a change in the social system. The chief issue here concerns the nature that the opposition takes. I have argued that where civil disobedience is disruptive of the social peace and the democratic framework itself—i.e., where it prevents others from expressing their rights—it cannot be legitimately protected by the law or public policy on moral grounds.*

At some point a democratic majority may be forced to use defensive measures to protect the rights of individuals (as it must now do in the universities). It must make use of *protective* power to guarantee the rights of individuals within the majority when a dissident minority of individuals attempts to contravene those rights. I am in no way arguing for vindictive social policy or repressive legislation. The free moral conscience of individuals must be nourished and cherished in a democracy. But the thing that troubles me about Mr. Levin's argument is the kind of double standard that he appears to be advocating. Dissenting individuals within a minority have a right to their conscience, but so do those who are committed to majority rule. How are we to judge which point of view shall prevail, if not by a deliberative process of rational persuasion whereby we may negotiate differences.

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* Surely, Mr. Levin's distinction between natural rights and rights-by-convention cannot be sustained. Are not all rights *civil* rights, socially developed and recognized?

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Mr. Levin may wish to debate whether our system is in fact democratic or quasi-democratic, and I am willing to concede all of its imperfections. But as long as an open society exists—and I believe it still does—with the legal right of dissent and opposition, then as a democrat I have an obligation to try to modify social policy by the hard work of influencing public opinion. Accordingly, those who completely reject the democratic legal and political structure cannot at the same time insist upon sharing its protection and claim immunity from breaking its laws.

Mr. Levin does not choose to enter this contract but says he seeks a new one. Does he think that those of us who *on moral grounds* are committed to the democratic ethic and the laws that fulfill it should grant immunity to those who do not believe in this ethic or who seek to destroy it? I wonder what would be Mr. Levin's attitude towards me, if once the new kind of social contract that he advocates came into existence, I refused to obey its most fundamental rules? Would he feel obligated to respect my right to overthrow them or deny his rights? Or would he seek to protect that society? Would he permit me under his new system the freedom to disagree, to criticize, to negotiate differences? Yes, he might say, but only insofar as you don't endanger the whole fabric of society itself.

I am not objecting to selective civil disobedience, but to *total* civil disobedience. It is sheer primitive romanticism to hope that a society can move from a condition of total disobedience to its entire fabric of rules to a new social contract in which there will be a higher level of commitment and devotion. We have learned from bitter experience that unless certain democratic principles are not compromised, a basic revolution against a framework may bring in another more terrible system.

If there exists within a society some democratic methods for the adjudication of differences, then the lesson to be learned is that we should try to use, not abandon, these methods. If Mr. Levin rejects the entire society in which this democratic methodology is embedded, then communication breaks down completely, and we are truly at war with one another; though it is he, not we, who declared the state of war. And in this case, he leaves us little choice but to seek to protect the democratic framework from a self-righteous moralism that would seek to destroy it.

"CINEMARXISM" *(continued from 575)*

THESE TWO POLITICAL FILMS make an incongruous pair. Artistically, the Czech picture does not break any new ground. As other movies from behind the Iron Curtain, it is a bit pedestrian, and at times downright coarse, especially in its "humorous" passages. Cinematically, Godard's work is an exciting tour de force, not always successful, but brilliant and fascinating, full of that "playfulness and fantasy" Jires longs for.

In its New York showing, the Czech picture was preceded by a short documentary filmed a few months later under the Russian occupation —the funeral of Jan Palach, the young student who had immolated himself on Wenceslas Square. A million and a half men and women, young and old, workers and students, in a slow cortege through the grey wintery streets of Prague, in silent sorrow, spreading a vast expanse of flowers and wreaths around the symbol of their country. In terms of *their* lives, unquestionably, Jires's film is not lacking in significance.

But with respect to Godard's film one cannot help wondering. By subordinating, nay transmuting everything—actors, message, medium—into "esthetic" elements, has he not thereby drained his black rebels, his revolutionary texts, his images of decay of political significance? Does not the formalization, or formula-ization, of his film betray the extent to which the youthful rebellion in which he is interested finally has more to do with the media than with political issues?

Marxism into "Cinemarxism"—the joke falls **flat.**

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LETTERS

Einstein & the Bomb

Editor:

In his letter published in the May-June 1970 issue of your magazine, Professor Dennis H. Wrong asserts that Einstein "played a leading role in encouraging his fellow scientists to work for the Manhattan Project." Professor Wrong obviously based his statement on inaccurate information. Except for sending the famous letter of August 2, 1939, to President Roosevelt (which was followed up by a letter of March 7, 1940, destined for the President) Einstein had no contact whatsoever with the work that eventually led to the construction of the bomb. He did not encourage anyone to join the Manhattan Project, the existence of which was as unknown to him as it was to anyone else outside a very restricted group of government officials and scientists. The dramatic history of Einstein's part in the initiation of those events is recorded in detail in Chapter IX of *Einstein on Peace* (New York, Schocken Books, 1968).

OTTO NATHAN ■
Trustee, Estate of Albert Einstein

Jefferson & the Slaves

Editor:

Mr. Plastrik charges that Jefferson was alarmed at the prospect of slave revolt, without making clear why he should have welcomed such an event. Does he believe it could have been successful? If he does not believe this, he seems to be castigating the old boy for not provoking mod-style confrontation. Jefferson, at any rate, was hardly coy about his attitude on the matter. His draft of the Declaration of Independence complained that the king had (1) allowed slavery and (2) encouraged the slaves to revolt, thus taking the liberty of the blacks and endangering the lives of the whites. It is unclear what SP would have had him do as President of a weak federation, with the Great Powers in a hostile mood. Should he have called on the northern states for troops to free the slaves? Should he have expected the Federalist merchants to support those troops with money? Should he have expected the neutrality from Europe which barely was maintained when civil war did break out 60 years later? If Mr. Plastrik is shocked by Jefferson's choice to "preserve the union without freeing any slave," as a later President put it, what must he have thought of JFK, who, with an extra 160 years of enlightenment behind him, had to be goaded to offer even token opposition to white supremacy?

As to Jefferson's repeating of popular fables about blacks, I fail to see why that should depress Mr. Plastrik. With general approbation, a great deal of anti-German commentary is tossed about today, on television and in the best circles. If one takes into account Jefferson's inability to foresee our current tastes in ethnophobia, it looks unfair to forbid him a privilege exercised freely at any cocktail party. Black equality has only become massively fashionable within the last decade. Harry Truman, as President, was still sneering at the idea

C. W. JONES ■

Harrington Essay

Editor:

"Why We Need Socialism in America," by Michael Harrington [DISSENT, May–June 1970] strikes me as the first recent attempt by a socialist to make socialism relevant to the American scene. For this one must applaud Michael Harrington because he thus opens the door for debate on the relevance of socialist doctrine. The need to establish the relevance of a socialist approach should be obvious to all socialists. . . . America appears to be drifting without a sense of direction. The drift may lead us to a type of action which would be inimical to the democratic tradition.

The magnitude and multiplicity of social problems facing society today could drive America in the direction of arbitrary government. Arbitrary government need not take the form of a dictatorship (rule by one man); it may simply be due to the response of administrations to social problems, which would reflect primarily the fears and frustrations of America.

Michael Harrington's presentation of the case for socialism for a modern America, however, contains some serious omissions. He fails to consider the impact of a rapid population increase on per capita income.

Current projections indicate the U.S. population may be 300 million by the year 2000. The feeding, housing, and clothing of such a vast number of Americans raises doubts as to whether American Enterprise even with the aid of technology will be able to find and exploit enough natural resources to meet the needs of such a huge population accustomed to a rising standard of living. Already projections made of natural resource requirements show the U.S. will have to greatly increase its imports of vital metals. That the U.S., which accounts for only 6 percent of the world population, nevertheless consumes 40 percent of the natural resources extracted each year throughout the world has implications for the future that socialists cannot afford to ignore.

Harrington's failure to include population growth as a variable and limited natural resources as a constraint creates serious gaps in his case for Socialism in America.

IRVING P. PHILLIPS ■

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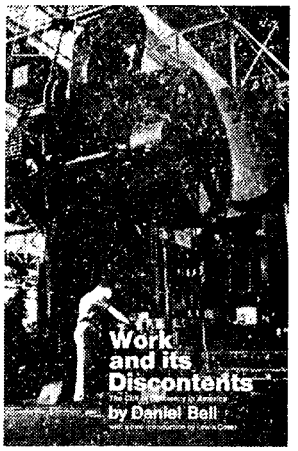

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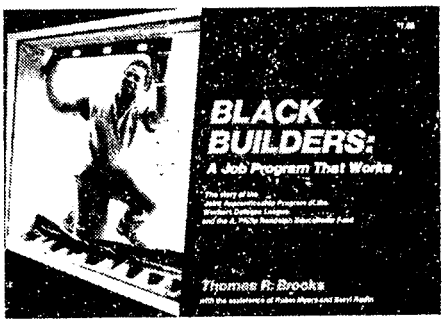

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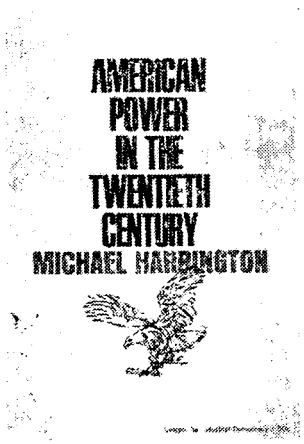

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